

BOYS, READ THE RADIO ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER

No. 973

MAY 23, 1924

Price 8 Cents

FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF
BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

A MINT OF MONEY; OR, THE YOUNG WALL STREET BROKER.

By A SELF-MADE MAN AND OTHER STORIES



Broker Eddie was a veritable walking mint. In each hand he carried an open satchel of money, while bills of all denominations stuck out of his pockets. "Here's the cash, Mr. Smooth," he said, coolly. "Now cough up that stock."

1912

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, MAY 23, 1924

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A MINT OF MONEY

OR, THE YOUNG WALL STREET BROKER

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Eddie Nott, the New Broker.

"Who's the new broker?" asked Jack McGuire, a popular member of the New York Stock Exchange of a brother member, as the two men paused in front of a door on the fourth floor of the Barnum Building, No. — Wall Street, one morning, and stood watching the dextrous fingers of a sign painter as he was lettering the frosted glass with the following legend:

EDDIE NOTT.
Stocks and Bonds.

"You've got me," replied his friend. "Never heard of the man."

"Somebody from out of town, I guess, who has come to New York to do us up at our own game," grinned McGuire.

"And he'll do it, too! Oh, yes; of course he will! I see visions of it. I hope he has brought a fat wad with him."

"Why?"

"Because I should like the pleasure of helping him get rid of some of it."

"There's nothing mean about you, Robinson."

"That's right, McGuire. I'm always ready to take a newcomer by the hand and show him the ropes."

"I'd hate to have you show me the ropes, Robinson; upon my soul I would."

"Why so?" laughed his friend.

"Because you'd surely lead me into some trap and get legal possession of my little bank account."

"Isn't that a rather tough accusation to make against a friend?"

"It would be anywhere outside of Wall Street," replied McGuire.

The two men walked away, laughing heartily. They were hardly out of sight before a bright-eyed, well-dressed boy of eighteen, with an alert, business-like air, came quickly down the corridor, and paused before the door the painter had now finished lettering.

"You've done that up brown, Mr. Ruggles," said the boy approvingly.

"I'm glad you like it, Mr. Nott," replied the painter. "I always try to do the right thing by my customers."

Eddie Nott unlocked the door, and the two entered the office, which had a door on either side—one, the upper half on which was ground glass, communicating with a small room adjoining, which Eddie intended to use as his private office; and the other, which was locked, connecting with the office of a neighboring tenant named Dudley Smooth, who also did business in stocks and bonds.

"Oh, I forgot," said Eddie. "I want you to paint the word 'Private' on that inner room."

"All right, sir; I'll do that in a moment."

While the sign painter was putting the word on the door he told Eddie of the short conversation he had overheard between the pair of inquisitive brokers who had stopped to look at the sign and to wonder who the new broker was.

"I wish I knew who they were," replied the boy.

"I can tell you their names. One addressed the other as McGuire, while he called his friend Robinson."

"Thanks. I'll remember them. No doubt I'll hear from them before long. I think they both have offices on this floor."

"They came from that end of the corridor," answered the painter, indicating the direction.

As soon as Ruggles finished his work, Eddie paid him, and he went away.

"Well," remarked Eddie Nott, looking complacently about him, "I am now a full-fledged broker, at least in name. I hope soon to make my presence felt in the business. If I don't it won't be no fault of mine. I know the ropes pretty well, for I served as messenger and margin clerk for Dudley Smooth long enough to get the run of the Street. As soon as the brokers who know me, and there are a swell lot of them who do, hear that I have branched out on my own hook they'll be putting out feelers in my direction to find out how much capital I've got. If they find out they're good ones, for it isn't business to let other people, particularly Wall Street men, know all about your affairs."

At that moment there came a knock on the door.

"Come in," said Eddie.

A pleasant-featured youth of seventeen walked in.

"Hello, Bob. Glad to see you. Take a seat and make yourself miserable."

"Thanks. I generally do," grinned Robert Hawkins, depositing himself in a convenient chair.

"Got a job yet, Bob?"

"Nary job."

"Any prospect of one?"

"Not the ghost of a prospect."

"You ought to make a tour of the Street and leave your card," chuckled Eddie.

"Thanks. I'll think about it—that is, if I can find a printer I can stand up for the cards."

"Are you strapped already?"

"Already! Why, I've been out of work a whole week."

"Then you wouldn't mind accepting a job if it was handed to you on a silver plate."

"I'd accept it if it was handed to me on a coal shovel," said Bob, wagging his head in a decided way.

"I haven't a coal shovel, but I can offer you a job if you will accept it."

"I'll take it," replied Bob promptly. "I came here to see if you couldn't give me something to do. Any old thing. I don't care what, as long as I can get the lucre to satisfy my landlady. She's the worst old screw you ever saw. She had the nerve to ask me for this week's board, and me not working. What do you think of that?"

"I think she was right," chuckled Eddie.

"You think she was right?"

"Sure, I do. What do you expect her to do? Live on wind?"

"I'm living on wind myself just now, so it wouldn't hurt her to try a little of the same diet. I think it would do her good."

"You're unreasonable. However, I can put you in the way of squaring yourself with her. I want an assistant here. A sort of combination messenger, office boy, clerk, and bouncer."

"Bouncer!"

"Yes. Every broker ought to have one, but they don't."

"What for?"

"Well, when a fellow pulls off a successful corner, you know, somebody who has lost money in the deal is liable to call on you with a club, pistol, or something of that sort, and try to force you to ante up part of your profits. I once bounced a fellow of that sort out of Mr. Smooth's office. If I hadn't been on hand at the time your Uncle Dudley would have given the undertaker a job."

"I didn't hear about it."

"Oh, there are lots of things happen you don't hear of. It was in the papers at the time."

"Did Smooth come up liberally to you?"

"Oh, yes. He gave me ten dollars."

"He ought to have given you a thousand dollars."

"Smooth isn't built that way."

"Then he puts a very small value on his life."

"Oh, no. He values his life as much as the next person; but he was afraid to squander too much money on his messenger boy. However, he raised me to the post of margin clerk."

"And why did you cut loose from him?"

"I didn't. He cut loose from me."

"How is that?" asked Bob curiously.

"Well, you see, I've been taking flyers in the market off and on for the last two years, and I had managed to pile up quite a respectable wad in a small way. Well, somebody roped him into

a combination or blind pool to boom a certain stock. He expected to make half a million or so. I heard about the pool on the outside, though I didn't know that my old boss, Mr. Smooth, had any connection with it. I went in to the limit, and was lucky enough to sell out before the crash came which soaked Mr. Smooth in the solar plexus to the tune of a cool hundred thousand. I cleared \$10,000, and Smooth heard about it. He was as mad as a hornet over his own loss, and it was like rubbing it in for a beardless clerk of his to come out ahead of him on the same deal. So he read me the riot act, and I quit."

"And now you've started in business for yourself, and actually hired the office adjoining him. You've got a nerve."

"I've got a lot of them, if anybody should ask you, Bob."

Bob grinned, pulled a cigarette from his vest pocket, and lit it.

"Is that your last cigarette?"

"No. Want one?"

"No, siree! But I want to inform you if you expect to work for me you must draw the line at cigarettes when you're in the office."

"Oh, all right. I'll drop this out of the window," replied Bob cheerfully.

"It isn't necessary. You're not at work at present. But don't forget yourself after to-day. Your office hours will be nine until three or four. Your pay——"

"That's a word that sounds good."

"Your pay will be six until further notice. It's low but sure, as they put it in the New York Flipper."

"I'm not worrying. I'd sooner work for you at six than another person for nothing. No, I mean I'd sooner——"

"Don't say it again, Bob. I don't like to see boys over-exert themselves with trifles," said Eddie coolly.

"So I start in to-morrow, do I?"

"You do, and here's five dollars to settle with your landlady," replied Eddie, handing him a bill. "Just forget about it, so that I won't remember it when I pay you off on Saturday."

"Do you mean to say that you're making me a present of this?"

"That's just what I mean. Now, skiddo, please; I'm going to lock up. Business begins to-morrow."

Bob put the money in his pocket and followed his new boss into the corridor.

CHAPTER II.—Eddie's First Order.

As a messenger boy Eddie Nott had become well known to many prominent brokers, as well as to many others not so prominent. Besides Eddie and a bookkeeper-cashier, Mr. Smooth kept a typewriter and stenographer. Her name was Carrie Thornton, and she and Edie were great friends. She used to have to work an hour longer, and for less pay than any other girl in the Street, and Eddie often wondered why she remained with Mr. Smooth. But then he didn't know that his boss had a mortgage on her services owing to some favor he had done for her mother. Suddenly and without warning Mr.

Smooth cut Eddie off his pay-roll, for the reason given in the previous chapter.

Then Eddie concluded that he had worked long enough for a salary, and determined to vary the monotony of it by becoming his own boss. He lived with his widowed mother and a small sister in a cozy flat in the upper section of Manhattan Island, and had largely supported the little household during the last three years. Having determined to start in for himself, he had the nerve to hire the two small vacant offices adjoining his late employer. He didn't know what effect this would have on Mr. Dudley Smooth, but he did not much care, as he did not consider it was any of Mr. Smooth's business. He started in, and furnished the offices, and was now ready for any business that might come his way.

Eddie had given Bob Hawkins a duplicate key to the office, and when he got down next morning at half-past nine he found Bob seated by the window in the outer room waiting for something to do. The new broker went into his private office, and taking up the morning's copy of the Wall Street Indicator, for which he had subscribed, and which Bob had placed upon his desk, began to study the quotations of the previous days' business on the New York Stock Exchange. He might have been engaged half an hour in this manner when Bob rapped at his door, and on being told to come in, popped in his head, and said there were two gentlemen in the outer office who wanted to see him.

"Show them in here," replied Eddie, without inquiring their names.

Accordingly Bob ushered in the two brokers who had made remarks about the new broker in the painter's presence. Of course, Eddie didn't know who they were until they introduced themselves.

"Are you Mr. Nott?" inquired Robinson, who was in the lead.

"Yes, sir. Please take a seat, gentlemen. May I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"My name is Nick Robinson, and this is a friend of mine. Mr. Nott, Mr. Jack McGuire."

"Pleased to know you, Mr. McGuire," said Eddie, who was rather taken by the man's good-looking and good-humored countenance. "Glad to make your acquaintance also, Mr. Robinson. Brokers, I believe?"

"Oh, yes," replied Robinson glibly. "McGuire and I have offices on this floor. Saw we had a new neighbor, and thought we'd drop in and make ourselves friendly, don't you know?"

"That's right," smiled Eddie.

"Faith, we couldn't do less," chipped in McGuire.

"Sorry I can't offer you cigars, gentlemen, but the fact is, I don't smoke."

"Don't mention it. I was just about to offer you a weed. I've got some prime Havanas in my pocket."

"Then you are welcome to smoke just the same. Don't stand on ceremony. I like to see my visitors enjoy themselves even if I can't join in."

"Thank you, we will," said Robinson, pulling out a couple of cigars and offering one to his friend.

Eddie produced a silver match-case and tendered it to them.

"You carry matches, though you don't indulge in a weed," remarked Robinson.

"Sure. They're handy to have around sometimes—when I want to touch off the electric bulb, for instance."

Both of the brokers laughed at this sally.

"Might I ask where you are from?" asked Robinson, blowing a cloud of smoke.

"Certainly—I hail from good old New York," replied Eddie.

"The deuce you do," replied Robinson. "I had an idea you were from Chicago, or Boston, or perhaps Philadelphia."

"No, sir. I have lived on this island ever since I was a little boy."

"Then I suppose you have been employed in the Street for some time," went on Robinson. "Strange I do not remember your face."

"I've been in the Barnum Building for four years," said Eddie.

"The dickens you have. McGuire and myself only moved in here a week ago. McGuire's office is right across the corridor from mine, around the turn."

"I was sure you were both new tenants or I should have recognized you myself. I was employed by Dudley Smooth, who occupies the adjoining suite, until a few days ago, when I started in for myself."

"Oh, I see," replied Robinson, with a shade of disappointment on his face.

He began to suspect there was nothing in Eddie Nott. That the boy had little capital, and was probably working solely on his nerve.

"I guess we'll have to be going," said Robinson, rising and looking at his friend as much as to say there was nothing doing in this locality.

"Don't be in a hurry, gentlemen," said Eddie genially.

"Oh, we only dropped in for a moment. I've got to get over to the Exchange. As for McGuire, I believe he has an important engagement."

"Well, come in again when you have the time," said Eddie. "Pleased to see you any time."

Eddie laughed after they had departed.

"Robinson was disappointed," he grinned. "He came in here for some purpose, that's evident. No doubt he was going to angle for some of my fleece, but has come to the conclusion that I'm not worth the game. I don't care much for him. Some day, however, I may surprise him. McGuire, now, is a different kind of a man. I like him. He is a gentleman. If I can put anything in his way I'll do it."

Bob knocked on the door again, and entered without waiting to be told to do so. He had a letter in his hand.

"The post just left this," he said, handing it to his boss.

The young broker tore it open and read as follows:

"Cornwall, N. Y., May 6, 19—.

"Mr. Eddie Nott, Stock Broker:

"Dear Sir: I enclose my check for \$1,000. Please invest it for me in P. W. & C. on a ten-per-cent. margin, and oblige,

"Yours truly,

"Gregory Grant."

"This is evidently one of the results of my advertisements in the Indicator and Chronicle. P.

W. & C. is selling around 60. I'll go around and see if McGuire is in. Perhaps he'll divide the commission with me."

CHAPTER III.—Eddie Goes Into Kentucky Central.

Eddie found that McGuire was in. The important engagement Robinson had referred to was a mere fiction on that broker's part. The boy broker told McGuire the object of his call.

"Sure, it will give me the greatest pleasure in the world to allow you a part of my commission on this or any other deal you may favor me with, Nott," said McGuire, heartily. "You're just starting out, and I'll be glad to help you all I can."

"Thank you, Mr. McGuire. I shan't forget it."

"Don't mention it. Just endorse that check, and I'll buy 165 shares of P. W. & C., and hold it subject to your order. You can then notify your customer of the transaction in the usual way. When you get your instructions to close out the deal we will divide up the commission."

Eddie thanked him, and then the broker handed him a memorandum of the transaction. The young broker returned to his office, entered his first order up in his book in regular shape, made out a statement, and mailed it to his customer.

Just then Bob made his appearance, and said a gentleman wanted to see him.

"What's his name?"

"I forgot to ask him."

"Never mind. Show him in."

In another moment Mr. Smooth, the next-door broker, appeared in the doorway.

"So, so," began Eddie's former employer. "You've set yourself up as a broker, have you? A pretty broker you are," he added, sarcastically. "And a great nerve you have to locate yourself alongside of me."

"Well, Mr. Smooth, I guess there's business enough in Wall Street for another broker, and as these offices were vacant, why, I took them. I hope the fact that I'm your nearest neighbor does not annoy you."

"It does annoy me. You had no right to rent them. You should have gone to some other building."

"Well, sir, as I've taken a lease for a year I don't see how the matter can be remedied now."

"What capital have you got?"

"Oh, I've a few dollars I managed to make in the last year or two."

"Huh!" snorted Mr. Smooth. "A few dollars! You're a young fool."

"Thank you for the compliment. Is there anything I can do for you to-day? I presume you did not take the trouble to come in here merely to abuse me."

The old broker glared at him rather savagely for a moment, then turned around and left the office. Eddie grinned as he heard Mr. Smooth slam the outer door after him.

"It galls him to see my name on the door next to his own office. It will gall him a good deal more when he sees me doing business."

Lunch time came around, and Eddie went out to get a bite at his customary quick-lunch house

on Broad street. Then he went around to the gallery of the Stock Exchange to see how things were stirring on the floor. Matters were rather quiet, so he didn't stay long. On his way back to his office he stepped in at the safe deposit vaults where he kept his money to get a paper he wanted.

While waiting for a chance to get to his box he overheard a couple of well-dressed gentlemen talking about a certain stock. They did not seem to notice his presence, probably on account of his youthful appearance, and went on talking just as if he wasn't there. Eddie couldn't very well help hearing all they said, though he did not appear to be listening to them. He soon learned that the name of this stock was Kentucky Central, and that a combination of capitalists had been formed to buy as much of it in at the low price then prevailing as they could, and then manipulate the market so that the stock would soar thirty or more points, when they expected to dispose of their holdings at a big profit.

One of the gentlemen mentioned the names of several operators who were interested in the scheme whom Eddie recognized as millionaires, and wound up by advising his friend to take advantage of this chance to make a good haul, assuring him that he couldn't lose if he didn't hold on too long after the stock got well up in the market. The conversation came to an end when one of the gentlemen was admitted to the vaults, and while waiting his turn Eddie did a good bit of rapid thinking.

"This is a tip I can't afford to get by me," he mused. "When I see a chance to get in on the ground floor of a deal I'm there with both feet. I'll just yank my little \$15,000 out of the box and soak it into Kentucky Central right away, before the syndicate gobbles up all the stock in sight."

So as soon as he got access to his box he took out his entire capital, which was in big bills, and hastened back to his office. The first thing he did was to look up Kentucky Central, and he found it was ruling at 49, and referring to past transactions of the stock noticed it had not been higher than 53 in a month.

"I can buy 3,000 shares on a ten-per-cent. margin. I ought to make a good thing out of this. It is a chance not to be sneezed at. Some men could easily make a million or more on the pointer I was so fortunate as to get. Mr. Smooth, I'll bet, would jump out of his shoes to get in on such a thing as this. I've a great mind to give him part of my order just to make him feel bad when the stock goes booming. He doesn't deserve the commission from the way he has treated me, but it will be worth that to see the look he'll have on that shaven phiz of his when I start in to realize at a high profit."

The idea tickled Eddie so much that he determined to carry it out, so he put on his hat and went into the office next door.

"Is Mr. Smooth in?" he inquired of Tommy Ropes the office and messenger boy, with whom he was, as a matter of course, well acquainted.

"Sure thing," grinned Tommy. "Do you want to see him?"

"That's what I'm here for, Tommy. Just take my name in, will you?"

So Tommy knocked at Mr. Smooth's door, and

was told to come in. The broker was dictating a letter to Carry Thornton.

"What's that!" he roared, when his office boy delivered his message.

"Eddie Nott is outside, and wants to see you," repeated Tommy.

"I won't see him. Tell him to get out and stay out," howled Mr. Smooth, loud enough to be heard all over the place.

Of course Eddie heard him, and chuckled at the old man's anger.

"Tell him I want to buy a thousand shares of a certain stock, and that I've got the money in my clothes to pay for it," said he to the office boy when the lad came back to inform him what Mr. Smooth had said.

Tommy hardly relished the idea of going back to the private office, but finally consented to do so.

"Wants to buy stock, does he?" bawled Smooth, pricking up his ears when he heard there was business in the wind. As the old man never under any circumstances neglected a chance to scoop an honest dollar, he told Tommy to send Eddie in. Carrie smiled sweetly at the young broker when he entered, and Eddie said:

"Good-afternoon, Carrie."

Then Mr. Smooth interfered.

"Did I understand that you wanted to buy some stock of me?" he growled like a surly beast who has been awakened from a sound slumber.

"Yes, sir. As you're my old employer, I thought I might just as well put something in your way as to go to a perfectly strange broker."

"What stock do you want?"

"I want you to buy me 1,000 shares of Kentucky Central at 49 on a ten-per-cent. margin."

"It'll cost you \$4,900. Where's your money?"

He counted out ten \$500 bills, and laid them before the old man. Mr. Smooth fingered them suspiciously, and then looked at the other bunch of bills Eddie held in his hand.

The sight of money had a potent influence over Mr. Smooth. He would have been willing to shake hands with his deadliest enemy if he saw the chance of making a dollar by it. He hastily drew up a memorandum of the transaction, and handed it to Eddie. Then he counted the bills his young visitor tendered him, and went out into the outer office to hand them over to his bookkeeper, and get \$150 change. He chuckled to himself over the deal he had made with the boy. He didn't consider the chances of Kentucky Central going up worth a hill of beans.

In fact, from what he had heard that day he believed it would go the other way, in which pleasing event he would have the satisfaction of wiping out Eddie's margin. If he had really thought the boy a fool, as he had so expressed himself in the young broker's office a short time before, he was now certain of it. So, while waiting for his bookkeeper to count the money and hand him the change, he rubbed his withered hands together, and chuckled to himself.

While Eddie was waiting for Mr. Smooth to return with his change he turned around and spoke to Carrie Thornton.

"Well, Carrie, you can't lose me, although Mr. Smooth did give me the G. B. I'm anchored within hailing distance of you, and I hope you'll drop in and see my office."

"Thank you, I will, Mr. Nott," she replied, with a smile.

"Oh, come now, call me Eddie, as you always did. I ain't a bit proud, although I have gone into business for myself."

Carrie laughed.

"I'm glad to see you getting ahead, Mr.—I mean Eddie—and I hope you will be very successful as a broker."

"Thank you, Carrie. It won't be my fault if I don't."

"I'm sure it won't," she returned sweetly. "You're the smartest boy I ever met."

The entrance of Mr. Smooth at this interesting stage cut short further conversation. The old broker regarded them with some suspicion as he handed Eddie his change.

"When you want to buy some more stock, young man, I shall be pleased to have you drop in," he said, trying to look pleasant.

"I'll keep your invitation in mind, Mr. Smooth. I hope you'll get used to having me so close to you. I'll endeavor not to gobble up all the business that floats into this corridor."

The old broker smiled a crafty smile, and snapped his knuckle joints. In his heart he believed the new broker's career would be exceedingly brief. Eddie, having finished his business, nodded to Carrie, and took his leave.

In a day or two Kentucky Central began to advance and Eddie purchased 1,500 more shares. The P. W. & C. shares he purchased for Grant also advanced. In the course of a couple of days the shares of both stock had advanced to such a figure that Eddie sold out, making a fine haul for himself and also enriching Mr. Grant.

CHAPTER IV.—Broker Robinson Asks Eddie To Go It Blind With Him.

A few mornings after Eddie's coup in Kentucky Central there came a timid knock on the outside door. Bob went to the door and opened it. A very pretty and stylishly-dressed young lady of perhaps twenty-two stood outside.

"Is Mr. Nott in?" she inquired.

"Yes, miss. Please walk in and I will tell him you want to see him. What name shall I say?"

"Miss Grant."

Bob knocked on the private door.

"Come in," said the boy broker.

"A lady to see you. Her name is Miss Grant."

"Show her in," replied Eddie, wondering if she had any connection with Mr. Grant of Cornwall.

The young lady walked into the new broker's sanctum.

"Mr. Nott," she asked doubtfully, as she took the chair Eddie pointed at.

"Yes, that is my name. What can I do for you?"

"My father sent you a check for \$1,000 a short time ago, with instructions to invest it on a margin in P. W. & C. stock," she said, in a hesitating voice.

"Yes. Are you Mr. Gregory Grant's daughter?"

"I am. The investment he intended for my benefit if the market went the right way."

"Then, Miss Grant," said Eddie, with one of his winning smiles, "I must congratulate you, for of course you know by this time that the market did go the right way. Acting on your father's instructions, which I received in a second letter, I held on to the stock till it reached 70 5-8, and then sold it out. Your profit was \$1,650, which, together with your margin of \$1,000, makes me indebted to you to the extent of \$2,650. Shall I hand you the money?"

"No, no," she replied hastily. "I wish you to keep it and reinvest it for me on your own judgment."

"I hardly like to take an order in that way, Miss Grant. I would certainly do the very best I could for you, but I could not guarantee that my judgment would prevent you from losing your money. If I made an unfortunate deal it would be rather embarrassing for me to have to write to you to that effect."

"I am sure I can trust you fully, Mr. Nott. You look very young, it is true," she added, with a little smile, "but you must be very smart, for I saw a paragraph in the Chronicle which stated that you had cleared something like \$100,000 in Kentucky Central a few days ago, and you could not do that unless you were uncommonly shrewd."

"I am much obliged to you, Miss Grant, for your excellent opinion," replied Eddie, laughingly. "After such an expression of confidence I suppose I ought not to refuse to execute any commission you may see fit to give me. If you wish, then, I will try to put your money where it will do the most good, just as if it was my own."

"Thank you. I shall consider it a great favor if you will. I am so utterly ignorant about the stock market that I should be afraid to pick out a stock myself. Perhaps under such circumstances I ought not to speculate," she added with a smile; "but I rather like the idea of having something at stake, with the prospect ahead of perhaps doubling my money."

"Or losing it all," smiled Eddie.

"Well," she said, shrugging her pretty shoulders, "I suppose one must take that chance if one will speculate."

"It is a common expression, Miss Grant, that nothing ventured, nothing is gained. Your first essay, through your father, has turned out quite fortunate. You are \$1,650 ahead at this moment. If you carry that off with you you are sure of it. If, on the contrary, you leave it with me to reinvest in the market, you are once more embarked in a game of chance, with the odds, I will frankly admit, all against you."

"I think I will run the risk," she replied, after a momentary hesitation.

"Very well, Miss Grant. Please take this chair and write an order authorizing me to use your money in the market as my judgment suggests."

She changed seats with him, removed one of her gloves, and writing the necessary order, signed it.

"Thank you, Miss Grant. I will advise you by mail, care of your father, as soon as I have made an investment for you."

"That will be quite satisfactory," she said. "I am very glad to have made your acquaintance, Mr. Nott, and feel sure that my interests will be perfectly safe in your hands."

"It is an equal pleasure on my part to have met so charming a customer," said Eddie, gallantly. "And I will certainly take more interest in the fate of your money now that I know you personally."

The young broker escorted her to the outer door, and bade her good-by.

"She's a peach, isn't she?" grinned Bob.

"She is a very pretty and interesting young lady," admitted Eddie, "and I am glad that she is a customer of mine."

At this point the door opened and Broker Robinson entered.

"Hello, Nott," he said, striking Eddie familiarly on the back; "who was that handsome young lady who just left your office?"

"A customer of mine," replied the boy, coolly.

"She's a stunner. Sorry I didn't come in sooner; then you could have introduced me."

Eddie didn't say anything. He thought Mr. Robinson had a good deal of cheek to suggest such a thing.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Robinson?" he asked in a business-like way.

"I just dropped in to see if I could induce you to pool issues with me in a little venture I have in view."

"What stock is it?"

"Excuse me, Nott. That is hardly a fair question. You haven't said yet whether you will join me or not."

"How can you expect me to agree to join you unless you tell me what you have in the wind?"

"But then you'd know as much as I do. You might refuse to go in, and then make use of the pointer on your own hook."

"Well, Mr. Robinson, if you can't trust me I don't see why I should run the chance of putting my neck in a noose simply to accommodate you."

"But you won't put your head into any noose, my dear fellow. I've got a sure thing, and being a little strapped for money, and knowing you have a good wad—"

"How do you know I've got a good wad?"

"Why, didn't you just clear a cool hundred thousand on Kentucky Central?"

"Who says I did?"

"I've heard several brokers say so. Besides, there's a paragraph in the Chronicle which states—"

"Oh, you mustn't believe everything you see in print."

"But you did make a big winning in Kentucky Central, didn't you?" persisted Robinson.

"Come, now, Mr. Robinson, is that a fair question to ask me?"

"Why, what's the matter with the question when everybody knows—"

"What everybody seems to know amounts to nothing. My business is my own, and I assure you that I haven't told a soul that I made a dollar in Kentucky Central or any other stock."

Broker Robinson seemed to be taken aback.

"But it is the general impression—"

"I am not responsible for what people may say. Brokers say a good many things other than their prayers. So let's drop that part of the subject. You came in here to tell me that you have a sure tip on the future of a certain stock."

"That's right. It's a dead open and shut game for a man with the money to back it."

"Then why don't you back it without——"

"Didn't I just say I was in a tight hole for ready money. I'm tied up on one or two other deals."

"Then I'm to understand that your proposition is I'm to furnish the money, or a good part of it, in exchange for the advantage of getting it on your pointer. Is that it?"

"That's about it. You can't lose, I assure you."

"But I've only your word for that. Unless you give me the name of the stock so that I can see where I stand I'll be investing in a sort of blind pot."

"But you ought to have sufficient confidence in a brother broker, especially when he is older and more experienced than you are."

Eddie laughed.

"I have confidence only in myself when I am doing business in Wall Street; then if I go up against hard luck I have nobody to blame but my little bunch of gray matter. Experience is all right in its way, but it does not always count in the stock market. I have heard of old gray-beards down here, who have been thirty or forty years in the Street, and might be reasonably expected to know it all, get wiped out in a single hour on the Exchange."

"Then I can't get you to go into this deal with me?" said Robinson, in a disappointed tone.

"No, you cannot. If you've got a good thing you ought to make a special effort to raise the money somehow to put it through and make the lion's share yourself. That's what I should do."

"You'll probably regret your refusal to join me," said Robinson, sulkily.

"In what way?" asked Eddie, sharply, for he fancied Robinson's words veiled a threat of some kind.

"I'll take care to let you know as soon as it's too late for you to get any good out of it."

"Thanks, Mr. Robinson. I'm not at all interested in the matter."

"Look here, Nott, you make me tired. The trouble with you is that, like all boys, you imagine you know the whole game from A to Z. You've probably made a lucky haul out of Kentucky Central, and your success has given you the big head. I like to see chaps like you taken down off your perch."

"Thanks, Mr. Robinson, for your kind wishes, but I wasn't aware that my head was any bigger than usual. At any rate, my hat fits the same as usual."

"Bah!" snorted Broker Robinson, dashing out of the office.

CHAPTER V.—What Broker Robinson's Little Game Really Was.

"I'd give something to know what Mr. Robinson's little game is," said Eddie to himself when he returned to his private office. "Did he really tell the truth when he said he had a tip on a certain stock, and was strapped for money to work it; or was he putting up some job on me in order to annex part of my winnings from Kentucky Central? The moment a fellow scores a point on the market it seems everybody knows

it, or think they know it. I'll bet Dudley Smooth gave the news out about my success in Kentucky Central, and that's how it got into print. He wants to set the sharks after me. Very likely I'll hear from him, too, before long, as soon as he hatches up some scheme to try and get at my boodle. It hurts him way down to his boots, as I knew it would, to have to draw that big check for me. He was so sure at the start that my margin would remain right in his office that his disappointment was simply heartbreaking to him."

Eddie got his second customer that afternoon.

A respectable looking old gentleman walked into his office about one o'clock and asked for Mr. Nott.

"He's out at lunch," said Bob, wondering who the visitor was.

"Will he be back soon?"

"I couldn't say, sir. He may be back in a few minutes, or he may stop in at the Exchange."

"May I use your desk a moment," asked the old gentleman.

"Sure you can. Sit right down."

The visitor wrote an order directing Eddie to purchase 10,000 shares of Nashville & Memphis at 95, and have the same delivered C. O. D. at his office before noon next day, if possible.

"I need scarcely say," he added, "that this order is given in the strictest confidence. Make the purchases as quietly as possible, and get the stock in small lots from different brokers if you can. If you are able to pick the stock up outside of the Exchange I should prefer that you do so. I will send my check for your commission as soon as I receive your statement after the stock has been delivered to me. Very truly yours, Gale Whitney."

"Hand this to Mr. Nott when he comes in," he said to Bob, and immediately took his leave.

He hadn't been gone more than five minutes before Eddie came in.

"There's a note on your desk," said Bob.

"Who from?"

"Give it up. He was an old gentleman, and wrote it at my desk. He asked to see you when he came in, and when I said you were out, and couldn't tell just when you'd come back, he said he couldn't wait, and wrote the note."

"What did he say his name was?"

"He didn't say, and I forgot to ask him. At any rate, I guess you'll find it inside the note."

"Then you never saw the man before?"

"Never."

Eddie went into his private room and saw the note lying on his desk. He took it up, tore the envelope open, and read the communication.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, in great astonishment. "An order to buy 10,000 shares of Nashville & Memphis. Who is this chap?"

He looked at the signature.

"Gale Whitney!" he ejaculated, in amazement. "One of the biggest operators in the Street! What brought him to me, I wonder? The commission for buying that stock will be over \$1,200. That's a mighty big order for a young fellow like me to get from a man of his standing, especially when he doesn't know me from Adam. I don't understand it. I'd think there was some mistake about it, only it is plainly written to me, and to nobody

else. Somebody must have sent him up here. I wonder who my good friend is?"

Eddie finished the note.

"I'll go out and try to get some of that stock right away. I haven't anything better to do."

He put on his hat and started to make a tour of the brokers' offices on the Street. He succeeded in purchasing 6,000 shares in small lots here and there, and he got hold of another thousand from the Broad street curb brokers. Then he went into the Empire Building, but couldn't find a share.

"I ought to be able to get the other 3,000 in the morning," he said to himself as he headed back for his office.

When he reached the fourth floor of the Barnum Building he decided to run in and see if Mr. McGuire had any. He found that this young broker had gone home.

"I'll try Robinson, just for fun, but I don't believe he has any."

"Mr. Robinson is engaged," said the small office boy who sat in the reception-room. "He will probably be able to see you in a few minutes."

"I'll wait a short time," replied Eddie, stepping over to the open window which looked out on a well.

As he stood there inhaling the air he plainly heard Mr. Robinson talking in his private room.

"I tried my best to get that young monkey to go in with me, but——"

"He wouldn't bite, eh?" interrupted his visitor, with a short laugh.

"No, he wouldn't," growled Robinson, in a tone of disgust. "Said that he didn't fancy a blind pool, wanted to handle his own money, and all that. He makes me sick. The Exchange ought to start a kindergarten for embryo brokers like him."

"What's the use of talking that way, Robinson? Why don't you admit that the boy was too smart for you?"

"Oh, rats! Why, he doesn't know enough about the business to go in when it rains."

"He seemed to know enough to keep out of your clutches, at any rate," chuckled the other. "What stock was it that you were going to load him up with?"

"Oh, I've got a lot of N. & G. in my safe. I want to get rid of it in the worst way. I intended to make wash sales with you to cover the whole batch if I could have got my hands on \$50,000 of his good coin. We could have managed somehow to have forced the price up on the market for a day or so, which would have carried out my ideas of the fake tip I had—see?"

"I see."

"Then when the stock dropped, as it was bound to do, for nobody wants it, I could have squared myself by telling him that somehow or another a cog had slipped in our calculations, and that the deal unfortunately was a failure. That would have left me just \$50,000 ahead, and would have furnished a lesson for the young chump to ponder over."

"A very clever scheme, Robinson, and it's a pity it didn't work, for you need the fellow's dough to enable you to buy T. I. & P., which is bound to go up before the week is out. As it is, how much can you raise?"

"Oh, perhaps \$25,000 or \$30,000."

"I've got \$60,000, you know, and I can easily raise another \$15,000. You must get \$5,000 more somehow if you're going in with me. The stock is selling now at 90, and will surely go above 110 as soon as the boom sets in, which it is liable to do in a couple of days. That would give us money enough to buy 17,000 shares on margin, out of which we ought to clear over \$150,000 apiece in a week."

"That would be a fine haul," said Robinson.

"I should remark. If you can't raise the money by to-morrow, why, we'll have to go in independently. I'll buy the stock to the limit of my capital, and you can do the same. With \$30,000 you'll be able to get 3,000 shares, anyway, on which you ought to make \$60,000."

"You are certain that your information is reliable?"

"Positively. I got it straight from my brother-in-law, who is one of the directors of the road. The company has bought out the P. A. & N., which has been a thorn in its side for six years. As soon as the news gets out, which it will by Monday, you'll see something doing on the Exchange. There is a lot of the stock floating around the Street, and the people on the inside have already begun to buy it in as fast as they can. So, you see, we have no time to lose. I shall begin buying at noon to-morrow for myself, if not for our joint account."

"All right, Benson," said Broker Robinson. "I'll see what I can do toward getting enough money to match you by to-morrow noon, and will let you know by eleven o'clock. I'm afraid, however, that I won't be able to make the raffle."

"Then don't fail to go in on your own hook."

"I'll do that, you may gamble on it. I'm not letting such a chance as this get away from me."

That ended their conversation, every word of which Eddie had heard. He was now full alive to the intended treachery of Mr. Robinson toward himself, and it didn't improve his feelings toward that gentleman.

Soon Eddie was ushered into Robinson's office. Asked what he could do for him, Eddie said he was after Nashville & Memphis. But Robinson told him he hadn't a single share, so Eddie returned to his office. By noon he had secured all of the stock wanted by Mr. Whitney, and it was delivered to that gentleman.

Eddie now purchased 5,000 shares of T. I. & P. stock through brokers, and an extra 1,000 through Mr. Smooth.

On Monday the news about the T. I. & P. leaked out and the stock took a big jump. After it had gone up as high as Eddie thought safe he sold out. He had also invested Miss Grant's money along with his own. Eddie cleared \$90,000 and Miss Grant \$4,500.

As soon as he had time Eddie wrote Miss Grant what he had done with her money, and that he held subject to her order the sum of \$7,200.

CHAPTER VI.—Carrie Thorton Warns Eddie.

A few days afterward Eddie received a very nicely worded letter from Miss Grant thanking him for the interest he took in investing her money to such good advantage.

"You have done so well by me that I would like to leave my money with you for you to reinvest in the market as you see fit," she added; "that is, if I am not imposing on your good nature. I assure you that I shall not forget your kindness to me even if my next venture should prove unfortunate. I do not expect you to win always for me. If you will permit me to remain as your customer, you may send me the \$200 and retain the \$7,000 to put up as a margin on any stock that you think is worth the risk."

Eddie was willing to keep her on his list on her own terms and that afternoon he sent her a draft for the \$200.

As he was coming back to his office from a visit to the Exchange Eddie saw Robinson come out of Mr. Smooth's office. He held back until the broker had disappeared around into the next corridor where his office was, and then entered his own. Eddie didn't leave for home that day till after five, having some writing to attend to. As he was locking the outer door Carrie Thornton, with her hat and jacket on, came out of Smooth's office. Of course they saw each other at once.

"I'm so glad to see you, Eddie," said Carrie, rushing up to him with outstretched hand.

"Same here, Carrie. Come in and see my office. You promised to do so, you know."

She accepted the invitation, so the young broker unlocked the door again and escorted his fair visitor inside.

"This is the next room to ours, isn't it?" she said. "And that door——"

"Opens on Mr. Smooth's reception-room. Come inside and see my private den."

He led her into the smaller room beyond.

"You have it real nice here. I wish I were your stenographer instead of Mr. Smooth's," she said brightly.

"I wish you were, too, Carrie. Maybe some day I'll hire you away from him, but at present I haven't enough work to keep one of your little fingers busy."

"But you're making lots of money, aren't you?"

"Who told you that, Carrie?"

"Oh, I overheard Mr. Smooth say so. Besides our bookkeeper said he believed you were panning out first-rate."

"Well, I'm in no immediate danger of going to the poorhouse," laughed Eddie.

"I'm very glad to know that you are succeeding."

"Thank you, Carrie. I know you mean that."

"I do, indeed. Now, I want to tell you something."

"Do you? What is it? That you are ready to say yes if I should ask you to marry me?"

"The idea!" she exclaimed, blushing crimson.

"Well, what is it, Carrie? I'm listening."

"I don't know whether it's right to tell what one hears in one's own office," she began.

"Not as a rule it isn't," replied Eddie.

"But this concerns you very much," she said earnestly.

"Then I think you should tell me about it."

"Mr. Smooth doesn't like you, Eddie."

"That's no news, Carrie," chuckled the boy broker.

"He intends to do you some harm if he can."

"That doesn't surprise me, either. It makes him sick to think I am getting on at all."

"He was very angry over the way in which you came out ahead in Kentucky Central."

"I have no doubt he was. He looked it the next time I saw him."

"Then the other day you made \$15,000 on T. I. & P. stock through a deal in our office."

"Yes, but I made \$75,000 out of a larger deal in the same stock at another firm, Carrie."

"You did!" she cried, opening her eyes with astonishment.

"I did."

"Why, that is \$90,000 profit."

"You've got it right."

"If Mr. Smooth knew that he'd have a spasm."

"Well, what is this matter you were about to tell me?"

"Are you acquainted with a broker in this building named Robinson?"

"Yes, and I don't like him for a cent."

"He was in our office this afternoon, and was talking to Mr. Smooth in a very confidential way. I overheard your name mentioned once or twice, so I judged they were conversing about you."

"Well," said Eddie, very much interested, "did you hear anything they said?"

"I heard Mr. Robinson remark that he thought you ought to be an easy proposition, as you had had so little experience as a broker."

"He said that, did he?" grinned Eddie.

"Yes."

"He ought to know better than that, for it is only the other day he came into my office with a proposition which I turned down. He intended to rope me into a little squeeze game which he had all ready cut and dried. He expected me to bite at it at once, but I didn't. That same afternoon I accidentally got on to Robinson's game. It was the meanest kind of trick he meant to work off on me, and so I mean to fight mighty shy of him hereafter."

"I think you are right to be on your guard against him, and Mr. Smooth as well. I am sure they are getting up some scheme to put you out of business. I haven't any idea what it is, for they spoke in very low tones, and I was only able to catch a word here and there."

"Well, I'm much obliged to you, Carrie, for the warning. I shan't forget your kindness."

"That is all right, Eddie. I'm only too glad to be of any service to you," replied the girl with a smile.

"I hope the time will come when I can be of service to you, and then you may depend on me way down to the ground."

"You are very kind to say that, Eddie."

"Not at all, Carrie. We've always been friends you know, and I trust nothing will prevent our friendship from growing, for I think more of you than any girl I ever knew."

Carrie blushed and looked down.

"Well, I won't detain you any longer. You are anxious to get home, I know, for Smooth keeps you at your desk longer than any other broker in the Street would do. I'll see you as far as the bridge cars if you don't mind."

They left the office together, and walked up Nassau street to the Brooklyn Bridge entrance, where Eddie left her, and then boarded an underground express for Harlem.

CHAPTER VII.—The Boston & Maine Shares.

Next morning there was some excitement on the Exchange over the sudden rise of a certain stock, and Eddie left his office to go to the visitors' gallery to see what was on the tapis. He hadn't been gone over a minute or two before a sandy-featured man walked into the office and asked Bob if Mr. Nott was in.

"No, sir. He just went over to the Exchange."

"Well, that's too bad. I wanted to see him about selling some stock for me," said the visitor, taking a big envelope out of his pocket. "I was told by a friend that Mr. Nott was one of the smartest young brokers on the Street, and so I thought I'd call in and see him. You don't know when he'll be in, do you?"

"I don't expect him to return for half an hour at least. Can't I take your order?"

"I'm afraid not," replied the sandy man, in a doubtful tone. "I have some shares here which I want Mr. Nott to sell for me," and the speaker showed Bob the contents of the envelope.

"Then you had better call in an hour, sir. If you will leave your name——"

"It will be impossible for me to call again to-day," said the visitor, "as I am going to Philadelphia by the noon train. However, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll leave these shares of stock with you. Give them to Mr. Nott when he comes back, and tell him I want him to sell them for me at the market price. I'll write a receipt for them, and you can sign it. I will call to-morrow noon."

"All right," answered Bob, who signed the receipt after seeing that it correctly stated the name and number of shares in the envelope.

It was all of an hour before Eddie returned, and then Bob handed him the envelope containing the stock left by the sandy-featured man.

"The man who left this stock wants you to sell it for him."

"Who was he?"

"I don't know."

"Didn't you ask him his name?"

"Yes; but he didn't give it to me."

Eddie opened the envelope and took out the certificates. There were ten 50-share certificates of Boston & Maine railroad, made out in the name of George Deering. The young broker scanned each one carefully, and as far as he could determine they appeared to be all right. There was no writing on the envelope that would give any clue to the owner's name or address.

"When did the man say he would call again?"

"To-morrow noon. He said he had to go to Philadelphia to-day on the noon train."

"What sort of looking man was he?" asked Eddie.

Bob described the sandy-featured man as well as he could.

"It may be all right, but I don't like the looks of it," said Eddie. "That chap may have stolen that stock somewhere for all I could tell. I must know more about him before I'll handle the stock."

He put the envelope containing the certificates in his safe to await the reappearance of the presumed owner. About one o'clock a gentleman walked into the office and asked to see Mr. Nott.

"If you will give me your name I'll take it in to him," said Bob.

"It isn't necessary," replied the visitor glibly. "Mr. Nott doesn't know me. I just want to see him on a little business."

Bob went into the private office and told Eddie that a gentleman who wouldn't give his name wanted to see him on business.

"All right. Tell him to step in."

When his caller appeared his face seemed a trifle familiar to the boy.

"I've seen him somewhere," thought Eddie, "but I can't place him at this moment."

"Mr. Nott?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, sir. Take a seat. Your name is——"

"Benson," replied his visitor.

Instantly Eddie recalled under what circumstances he had met this man before. He was Robinson's friend. The man to whom Robinson had explained the trick he had hoped to work off on Eddie, and who had furnished the tip which had resulted rather disastrously both to himself and Robinson, but had proved a \$90,000 winner to the boy broker. Eddie had only got a glimpse of his face as he was leaving Robinson's office, but he now knew it was the same man. The fact that Benson was an avowed friend of Robinson's put Eddie on his guard.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Benson?" he asked his visitor.

"I'm looking for some Boston & Maine stock," said Mr. Benson. "I want to get hold of 500 or 600 shares to fill an order. It seems to be very scarce on the Street. Have you any of it, or do you know who has? I'm willing to pay half a point above the market price if I can get some right away."

"No," replied Eddie. "I'm afraid I cannot accommodate you. If you will come back to-morrow, any time after noon, I may be able to furnish you with what you are looking for."

"That will be too late," replied Mr. Benson. "I must have the stock now."

"Then I'm afraid you'll have to look elsewhere for it."

"I'll give you a point above the market figure if you can find me some right away."

"Give me your office address and a signed order that you will pay for them C. O. D., and I'll go out and see what I can do for you."

"No," replied Benson. "I can perhaps pick them up myself on the outside. I made you this special offer on the supposition that you had some of the stock in your office."

"What made you think I had any in my office?"

"Oh, I thought from your manner maybe you had some, and was holding back for a better figure than I offered at first."

"If I had any for sale I should have taken you up at once," answered Eddie.

"Then you haven't any to sell me?"

"No, sir. I have not a single share of Boston & Maine to sell you."

"But you said that you might have some to-morrow, didn't you?"

"I did."

"Where do you expect to get them from?"

"I am surprised you should ask such a question as that, Mr. Benson," said Eddie.

"Well, I may be in to-morrow if I can't fill my

order to-day and my customer is willing to wait," said Benson, rising, with a disappointed look.

"Very well. You will probably find me in all the afternoon."

Mr. Benson then took his leave. After he had gone Eddie began to ponder over the situation.

"This Boston & Maine business begins to look rather funny to me. What induced Robinson's friend to come in here looking for the very amount of stock that was left here to be disposed of a couple of hours or so ago? He acted as if he knew I had some of the stock in my possession. Is this a put-up job of some kind that is being worked on me by Robinson and my next-door neighbor, Smooth? If so, what kind of a job is it? I really can't make head or tail of it. Perhaps the stock was left here to see if I would dispose of it on a mere verbal order to my office boy. If I had sold the stock to Benson the man who left it, when he comes to-morrow, might say that he had never given such an order, but merely left it here on deposit until he returned to reclaim it. If that's the game the originators of it will be disappointed, for I'm not such a chump as to sell anything belonging to another person without I have written authority to do so. I think I'll go in and consult McGuire about this matter. He's a decent man, and no particular friend of Robinson's."

McGuire, however, was at the Exchange and Eddie couldn't see him just then. Finally he decided to submit the thing to the broker with whom he did business. So he called on Mr. Gibson, the head of the firm. That gentleman listened attentively to the circumstances of the case.

"The person who left that stock at your office is either unused to Wall Street methods, in which case he may be a thief, or he is the agent of persons who are trying to put you into a hole for some reason. Eternal vigilance is the price of success down here, young man. You can't go to sleep and still expect to hold your end up. My advice to you is to hold that stock in your safe until after the hour the man who left it with your office boy said he would call. If he shows up make it plain to him that you must have some reference before you can do business with him. If he doesn't show up get your office boy to sign an affidavit showing how the certificates came into his possession, and take that and the shares to the nearest police station. It is not impossible that the stock may be forged. However, what concerns you is to get it off your hands."

Eddie thanked Mr. Gibson for his advice and decided to act on it. The sandy-featured man failed to turn up next day at noon, and after waiting a reasonable time for him Eddie prepared the affidavit, and Bob signed it in the presence of a notary. Then the young broker took it with the envelope containing the shares to the Old Slip station, and handed them to the officer in charge.

CHAPTER VIII.—Eddie Gets the Best of the Conspiracy.

Several days passed, and still the man who had left the stock did not appear to claim it, neither did Mr. Benson show up again. On the afternoon

of the fourth day Eddie was surprised to receive a visit from Robinson, who was accompanied by another man.

"Well, Mr. Robinson, to what am I indebted for this call?" asked the young broker.

"Have you any Boston & Maine stock in your safe?" asked Robinson abruptly.

"No, sir," answered Eddie promptly. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I have reason to believe you have."

"What reason?"

"That's my business. Officer, produce your search warrant."

The man, who proved to be a detective, showed his authority from a magistrate to search Eddie's office for certain specified certificates of Boston & Maine stock.

"You are looking for that stock, are you?" asked Eddie.

The detective nodded.

"You may save yourself both time and trouble by applying at the Old Slip police station for those shares."

"What do you mean?" demanded Robinson, flushing red in the face.

"I mean that those shares were left at this office by a stranger to be sold. He promised to come back next day to see me about them. He hasn't showed up since. Thinking there might be something crooked about the matter I turned the certificates over to the police with a sworn statement of how they came into my possession."

"You did?" gasped Robinson.

"I did."

"I think that story is very fishy. I insist that you open your safe so that this officer can search it."

"Very well," replied Eddie. "I have no objection. But what have you to do with that stock? And why do you suppose the shares to be in my possession?"

"That stock belongs to me. I have missed it ever since the afternoon you were in my office, when I laid the envelope containing the certificates down on the ticker where you were standing."

"Do you mean to insinuate that I stole that stock?" demanded Eddie hotly.

"I mean to say that there are grounds for such a suspicion."

"You have said enough, Mr. Robinson. You will have to prove your words, made in the presence of this detective, whom I shall hold as a witness, or you will have to answer for the consequences. I have already got some evidence that this whole affair is a put-up job, and I am going to make the guilty parties sweat for it."

"A put-up job!" exclaimed Robinson, turning pale.

"Yes, sir—a put-up job. The safe is not locked, officer. Please make your search with as little delay as possible. You may then examine my desk. After you are satisfied the stock is not here then you had better do what I advised you to do at first—go to the Old Slip station."

Robinson looked very white under the eyes while the detective was making his useless search for the Boston & Maine shares.

"They do not appear to be here, Mr. Robinson," he said at last.

"Then I must have made a mistake in suppos-

ing that this boy took them," said the broker weakly.

"That won't do now, Mr. Robinson," retorted Eddie, who saw that he had his enemy on the run. "You have practically charged me with the theft——"

"I'll apologize," interrupted Robinson hastily.

"Sit right down at my desk, then, and write a retraction of your suspicions," demanded Eddie.

"I'd like to see myself doing such a thing as that," snorted Robinson angrily.

"All right. Then I'll have you and Dudley Smooth arrested for conspiracy to ruin me."

"What do you mean?" gasped Robinson, turning fairly livid.

"Just what I say," replied Eddie coolly.

"Are you out of your senses?"

"Don't you worry about that. I have evidence that you went to Mr. Smooth's office and arranged this Boston & Maine scheme in his private room. You sent that sandy-featured man to my office to leave those shares in my possession, and you took care to do it when I was out. Then you sent your friend Benson around here to buy them from me. As soon as you got them back you intended to have me arrested for stealing them out of your office. It was a fine game for a presumed decent broker like you to work on an inexperienced boy like me. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Eddie was throwing a gigantic bluff, for though he believed he was practically correct in his deductions of the case, still he was aware that he could not prove a single thing against the two conspirators, though he believed that by hiring a smart lawyer he could give them a great deal of trouble, and perhaps show them up to very bad advantage in the newspapers. If ever a man looked guilty Robinson did at that moment; but he made a desperate effort to down Eddie's accusations.

"It's a lie," he shouted. "It's——"

"I'll give you a last chance to get out of this thing before I put it in the hands of a lawyer. Write that retraction and be sure to make the apology ample."

"I'll see you jiggered first," howled the broker, rushing from the room, followed by the detective.

"All right," muttered Eddie to himself. "I'll see if I can give both you and Mr. Smooth the scare of your lives."

He put on his hat and went up to Nassau street to call on a well-known lawyer. In the meantime Robinson and the detective went to the Old Slip station about the Boston & Maine shares. The captain of the precinct confirmed Eddie's statement, and then told Robinson that he had turned the certificates into police headquarters. The broker hurried up to 300 Mulberry street to see the chief of police. That official acknowledged that the stock had been sent there.

"It is now in the hands of the property clerk."

"Will you give me an order on the property clerk so that I can recover it."

"No, sir; this matter will have to be investigated first. You say the bonds were stolen from your office. I must make an effort to catch the thief, who seems to be the man, or his accom-

plish, who left the certificates at that young broker's office for sale. I have a partial description of the fellow in the report of the captain of the Old Slip station. I shall get a more complete one by having that broker's office boy questioned."

The chief's words threw Robinson into a mild panic, for the sandy featured man was a friend of his own friend Benson, and he was sure that if the man was identified and arrested that he would give the whole game away to save himself. The stock was the property of Mr. Smooth, and was worth \$61,000, and Robinson was anxious to get it back so as to return it to him. He tried his best to persuade the chief to give it up, but he wouldn't, so when he left headquarters he hurried to his office and telephoned to Benson to call on him at once.

"You must get Carter to leave the city at once," he said, as soon as Benson appeared.

"Why so?" asked his friend in surprise.

"Because he is in danger of arrest at any moment, and you know it will be very awkward all round if he is pulled in."

Robinson then told Benson how badly the Boston & Maine scheme had failed of accomplishing its object.

"The worst of it all is that the police have possession of the stock. The chief refuses to give it up until after he has investigated the case, and his first move he told me will be to try and arrest the man who left the stock at Nott's office. That is Carter, you know. He has a partial, and expects to get a more complete description of him from Nott's office boy. Now, it won't do at all for Carter to be arrested. He must be sent out of town until this thing blows over. I'll see that all his expenses are paid, so I wish you'd attend to the matter right away."

"All right," replied Benson, appreciating the hole Robinson was in.

Next morning Robinson received a letter from the Nassau street lawyer which stated that unless he made a complete retraction and ample apology proceedings would at once be begun against him on the charge of conspiracy, and that this charge would involve others. That letter gave the broker an awful shock. He could not guess how much Eddie had found out, but taken in connection with the attitude of the chief of police, and his own guilty conscience, he wilted at once. He reached around and talked to Dudley Smooth about it, telling the old man that Eddie had threatened to bring charges of conspiracy against them both. The result was that Smooth told him to make a full retraction of his words against the boy, and to make an abject apology if necessary to hush the matter up.

This was a bitter pill for Robinson to swallow; but there was no way out of it, and so he wrote Eddie a complete refutation of his statement that he had suspected the young broker of stealing the Boston & Maine shares from his office, and begged the boy to let the whole matter drop. Eddie was satisfied that he had given the two rascals a hard shake-up, so he was willing to call the thing off, more especially as the police failed to find Carter, who was shipped to Canada by Robinson's friend.

CHAPTER IX.—Eddie Arranges to Take a Life Partner.

Three months passed away, and the hot month of August had the city in its grasp. Things had been pretty slow in the Street since the first of July, and Eddie, although he had secured a couple of dozen new customers, mostly through his card in the financial journals, hadn't done any business to speak of. He spent a good part of his time with Carrie Thornton at the nearby seaside resorts, and the two enjoyed themselves immensely together. The young broker wrote Miss Grant that he had not so far seen anything that he cared to risk her money in, but when he did she would hear from him. This letter brought a renewed expression of confidence from the Cornwall young lady, and she promised not to be impatient as to results.

The police having failed after a reasonable time in finding any trace of the sandy featured man, let the case go by default, and returned the stock to Robinson, who duly turned it over to Mr. Smooth. The two rascals, however, had learned a lesson, and were very wary of coming up against the shrewd boy broker again. One morning Eddie heard two brokers talking together in low tones about a certain stock, the name of which they did not mention. They appeared to be members of a syndicate which had been formed to boom it.

"Smooth is with us in this, and will do the buying and booming," said one. "He will be assisted by a man named Robinson, and also by Benson, another smart young broker. We are certain to make a good thing out of this deal all around."

"When do we begin operations?" asked the other.

"Next Monday. Nobody will suspect that anything is in the wind until we have gobbled up all the shares in sight. Then, after we've forced up the price, we'll commence to unload in a quiet way, and take our profits."

At this point the speaker observed Eddie close by, and nudging his companion, they both walked away.

"So," mused Eddie. "Smooth is in the syndicate, is he? And he, Robinson, and Benson are going to do the booming and buying? I must get in on the ground floor, too. I wish I knew the name of the stock they're going to handle. Oh, well, I ought to find that out easily enough, since I know the three men who are to do the buying. All I need do is to watch them and note the stock they are gathering in."

He said nothing to anyone, of course, about what he had heard. On Monday morning promptly at ten o'clock he was up in the visitor's gallery of the Stock Exchange, looking down on the brokers on the floor. Dudley Smooth, Nick Robinson, and George Benson were all there, and it wasn't long before Eddie saw that they were bidding in all the Southern Texas they could get hold of. As soon as the young broker had made sure of their programme he left the gallery and started for his safe-deposit vaults to get his money. He took out \$61,000, hurried with it to his brokers, and ordered 10,000 shares of Southern Texas to be bought for him at the market price of 61. Then he returned to his office, took \$6,-

100 of Miss Grant's money, and went in to see McGuire.

"I want you to buy me 1,000 shares of Southern Texas for a lady customer at 61, which is the ruling figure," he said to the broker.

"Faith, it will give me great pleasure to do that for you, Eddie," McGuire replied. "for business is plaguey dull. So the lady wants 1,000 shares, does she? Quite a plunger in her little way."

"Oh, she knows a good thing when she sees it," grinned the boy.

"Then you wish me to understand that Southern Texas is a good thing?"

"I think it is."

"Are you buying any yourself on the outside?"

"Well, yes; I have bought a few shares, just to keep abreast of the times."

"It's too bad that you never favor me with any of your personal orders."

"Well, you see I have a special arrangement with a big house up in the Street, otherwise I'd send my orders to you," was the way Eddie placated McGuire.

An hour afterward Southern Texas had gone up a point. Eddie got \$62,000 more from his box, went to another brokerage firm, and bought 10,000 additional shares of the stock. When the boy went to lunch at one o'clock he found that Southern Texas was ruling at 64, an advance of three points since the Exchange opened. After some deliberation he resolved to go the whole hog on the stock, so he drew \$64,000 from his box, leaving a meagre \$3,000 in the vault, and put it up with a third broker as security for another 10,000 shares, making 30,000 shares in all that he held of Southern Texas. Evidently Eddie Nott was a boy of nerve.

"If a screw should happen to work loose in Southern Texas I stand an excellent chance of being completely wiped out; but just the same I wouldn't be the only one who would be crippled."

That afternoon Eddie wrote Miss Grant that he had placed \$6,100 of her money in 1,000 shares of Southern Texas, and that she might look to see it rise. He waited around till Carrie left Smooth's office, and walked with her to the bridge cars.

"What's new in your place?" he asked her, as they turned into Nassau street.

"Mr. Smooth seems to be very busy with some new deal," she answered.

"Yes, I know," grinned Eddie. "He's booming Southern Texas just now."

"How do you know that?" she asked, wonderingly, as she hadn't heard a word about the stock herself.

"Oh, I'm not asleep, even if it is the good old summer time," he said, with a wink. "I also know that Robinson and Benson are helping him keep the ball rolling."

"I never saw such a smart boy as you are," she said admiringly.

"Oh, I'm not the only pebble. There are lots of others."

"I'd bet anything you're in on the stock, Eddie."

"You might lose, Carrie," he said, with a laugh.

"I'd risk it," she replied, with a knowing shake of her head.

"Well, perhaps I've a few shares; but that's between you and I."

"Oh, I won't tell anyone about it. Why should I?"

"That's right. I don't want Smooth to know that I've any Southern Texas."

"Has it gone up since you bought it?"

"It's gone up three points since I bought the first lot."

"The first lot! Then you've got a bunch of it, have you?" she asked.

"You are asking too many questions, Carrie," laughed Eddie.

"Am I?"

"However, I'll tell you all about the matter if you will answer one question the right way that I want to ask you."

"I'll agree."

"But you don't know what that question is? Look out that I don't spring something on you that'll take your breath away."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I know you take a great interest in my business, Carrie. Well, I'm willing to let you in on the ground floor on one condition."

"What's that?"

"That you agree to become Mrs. Eddie Nott some day."

"Oh, Eddie!" exclaimed Carrie, blushing violently.

"There, now, it's up to you. Say yes, and I'll consider you a sort of silent partner in my business."

It was several minutes before the girl opened her mouth. Eddie didn't hurry her. He was hopeful, for he had reason to believe that her answer would be favorable. As for Carrie, Eddie's proposal had taken her by surprise. Not but that she had long suspected his feelings toward her, but because he had sprung the delicate question upon her right in the open street. She had given the young broker plenty of encouragement of late to believe that she thought a whole lot of him, and he was in the habit of striking the iron while it was hot.

"Eddie," she said, slowly, at last, "you shouldn't have asked me such an embarrassing question on the street."

"I'll admit that, Carrie. I was rather too impulsive. However, since the damage is done, are you willing to answer it?"

"What do you want me to say?"

"You know what I want you to say. Just one little word."

"No is one little word," she replied demurely.

"I know it is; but the word I want to hear has three letters in it, not two."

"There are lots of words with three letters. How am I to know which one you are thinking of?" she asked, tantalizingly.

"Ask your heart, Carrie, what the word is," he said, earnestly.

"Is it 'Yes'?" she answered with some hesitation.

"That's the word. Do you mean it?"

"Yes, Eddie."

"You promise then to be my wife some day?"

"Yes, if you want me to."

"Of course I want you to, so we'll consider the matter as settled. Is that understood between us?"

"Yes, Eddie. You may speak to my mother whenever you wish."

"I will come over to-night, for I want to get you a handsome engagement ring to-morrow."

Broker Eddie was certainly not letting the grass grow under his feet.

CHAPTER X.—Eddie Becomes a Millionaire.

As a splendid diamond ring appeared on Carrie Thornton's engagement finger a day or two afterward it is to be presumed that Mrs. Thornton had accepted the boy broker as her future son-in-law. Carrie also began to take an unusual interest in the office indicator, and was following the upward tendency of Southern Texas with intense satisfaction, not unmixed with some anxiety as to the ultimate outcome, for she now knew that Eddie had practically every dollar of his capital staked on the stock. Eddie now waited every afternoon for Carrie's knock on his door, which told him she was ready to start for her home. On the day following that on which she had received her beautiful ring, of which she was very proud, the girl entered the boy broker's office with her hat on.

"All ready to go home, Carrie?" he said, drawing her toward him and imprinting a kiss on her blushing cheek.

"Yes."

"I suppose you know that Southern Texas closed at 69 to-day?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. I'm keeping close tab on it now," she smiled.

"If I was to give the order to sell now I'd clear nearly \$200,000."

"Why don't you sell, then?"

"Because it will be worth more to-morrow."

"I hope so, Eddie; but I'm so nervous lest the bottom drop out when you aren't expecting it."

"Oh, no. It isn't high enough to be top-heavy yet."

"Well, Eddie, you know best."

"I look for it to go to 80 before there is any danger of a slump."

"Do you really think it will go as high as that?"

"I do. Perhaps higher. It is exciting a great deal of attention now on the floor of the Exchange."

Next morning when Eddie approached the Exchange he saw Dudley Smooth and Dick Robinson standing outside talking together. They wore the air of men who are perfectly satisfied with themselves. Apparently they were firmly convinced that, so far as Southern Texas was concerned, they were masters of the situation. As Eddie passed them unobserved he heard Smooth say:

"It's sure to go to 95."

"I dare say you're right," answered Robinson. "There is little offering."

"There may be some dumped on you," breathed Eddie, as he hurried up into the visitors' gallery. "I'm going to jump on you two with both feet if I get a chance, and I think I will. I owe you a little balance for that Boston & Maine scheme, and I'd like to square it."

That day Southern Texas climbed up to 75.

"I told you last night that S. T. would be worth more to-day," he said to Carrie, when she met him as usual at four o'clock.

"Yes, it closed at 75. That makes you worth ever so much more, doesn't it?"

"On paper I have made \$180,000 to-day."

"And your profits up to last night were \$2,000,000?"

"That's correct."

"My goodness! What a lot of money! I do wish you'd sell out to-morrow."

Eddie shook his head.

"Too soon. I heard Mr. Smooth say this morning that it was sure to go to 95."

"I don't see how you manage to find out so much about Mr. Smooth's affairs. I never saw a closer man about business."

"Oh, he and Robinson were talking in front of the Exchange as I was passing, and I couldn't help hearing a word or two that they said."

Next morning when the Stock exchange opened the excitement over Southern Texas rose to fever heat. The stock was so scarce that the price rose steadily to 85, with few sales. Eddie stood in the gallery as it went up point by point, each advance meaning a gain of \$30,000 for him. When he left to go to lunch he was as cool as a cucumber, although he had made \$300,000 that morning. If he had closed out at that moment he would have made on the deal about \$680,000. He decided to sell out Miss Grant's holdings, and 10,000 of his shares in two lots of 5,000. When he came from his lunch he looked at his office ticker and saw that the stock had gone up three points more, so he called in on McGuire and ordered Miss Grant's 1,000 shares sold.

McGuire was at the Exchange, but his clerk telephoned the order to him. As soon as he offered the 1,000 shares they were snapped up by Smooth at 88 1-8, and the Cornwall young lady was richer by \$27,000 than she had been a week previous. Up to date Eddie had made \$33,000 profit for her, and all out of her original investment of \$1,000. At quarter of two Eddie went to the New street entrance of the Exchange, called out one of his brokers, and told him to dump the 10,000 shares he held on the market in two lots. It was done, and the appearance of so much Southern Texas all at once nearly took Smooth's breath away. He had to take it over to maintain the price, and Eddie got 89 for it. On this batch he made a profit of \$270,000, so that he was now in the position to protect the balance of his holdings if necessary. He waited around the Exchange till he saw Smooth and Robinson come out for a breath of air, when he walked up to them in the most deliberate manner.

"How is Southern Texas, eh?" he asked, with a grin.

"None of your blasted business!" snarled Robinson.

"Well, it is my business, if anybody should happen to ask you," said Eddie, coolly. "Those 10,000 shares you had to accept just now were mine."

"Yours!" roared Smooth and Robinson in one breath, incredulously.

"Yes. Don't you believe me?"

"No," snorted Robinson. "How could you have got hold of 10,000 shares of that stock?"

"That's my business, Mr. Robinson. You bought the stock from Pyle, Hastings & Co., one of my brokers."

"One of your brokers," sneered Robinson. "One would think you were a big operator."

"Well, I'm big enough to have another 10,000 shares of Southern Texas in my vest pocket which I'm going to sell right away. Do you want them, or shall I have 'em dumped inside?"

Smooth and Robinson looked at each other aghast.

"Have you really got 10,000 shares of Southern Texas in your control?" asked the old man, with a drooping lip.

"I have. Do you want 'em, or don't you? You don't have to take 'em."

"I'll take them at 89," said Smooth, looking at the boy as though he would have enjoyed nothing better than to hear of his sudden death. "Give me an order on your broker—that will be sufficient."

Eddie drew a note-book and pencil from his pocket, and wrote an order on the brokers from whom he had purchased his last batch of stock, to sell out his holdings at once to Mr. Smooth at 89. The old man took it and hurried back inside of the Exchange. A representative of the firm was on the floor, and to him Smooth presented the order. It was promptly accepted, and the syndicate became the owner of another 10,000 shares, which it had not expected to have to handle. As soon as Eddie found that his stock had been transferred to the clique, he wrote a little note, and sent it in to Mr. Smooth. This is what it said:

"I have 10,000 more shares of Southern Texas that I have no use for. You can have them at 90. If you don't take them in five minutes I'll order them to be thrown on the market.—Eddie Nott."

Mr. Smooth gasped when he read it. It didn't seem possible that so many shares could be afloat when he thought he had secured about all that was to be got in New York. The 30,000 shares Eddie had bought at the start off and held on to were presumed by the pool to be held in Galveston, at least such had been the information the members had received. The clique, however, did not know that the Galveston shares had been forwarded to Wall Street the day before its brokers commenced their buying, and that the brokers who did the buying for the boy operator happened to be wise to that fact, and consequently knew just where to go for the stock, the transactions consequently not appearing on the Exchange records. Smooth showed Eddie's note to Robinson, and that young man swore a great oath.

"He's a liar," roared Robinson. "He's got no more shares."

"Then we'll call his bluff," replied Smooth, grimly.

He did, and Eddie sent him in an order on his regular brokers for the original 10,000 to be delivered to Mr. Smooth at 90. The old man nearly fainted when he saw it.

"He has the stock," he gasped, with a livid face, turning to Robinson. "My heavens! When will this end? Another block of any size at all will send us to the wall. We'll have to buy of him and begin to unload at once."

Robinson fairly gritted his teeth with rage. To think of that boy being in on that deal and getting the best of them in such a high-handed way! He felt at the moment as if he could have murdered the young broker. Accidently looking up at the visitors' gallery there he beheld Eddie grinning down on them both with evident satisfaction.

"Blame him! Blame him!" gritted Robinson through his clenched teeth.

Then he shook his fist at the boy, who smiled back in return and lifted his hat with the utmost politeness. But he and Smooth to save themselves from ruin bought and paid for Eddie's 10,000 shares of the stock. When the Exchange closed, Southern Texas had gone up to 93, and Smooth, Robinson, and Benson were unloading the stock in small lots to prevent suspicion of their real movements coming to general notice. Next morning they continued operations on a little larger scale, as everybody seemed crazy to get hold of the shares, and they were beginning to recover their former good humor when the news of their plans got about the floor. A wild panic ensued, the stock dropping ten points in as many minutes.

Eddie, however, was not there to see it. He was up in his office figuring up the profits represented by the statements and checks he had just received. He had cleared \$810,000 on the Southern Texas deal, which together with the amount he had deposited for margins, which was returned to him, and the \$3,000 cash in his safe deposit box, made him worth exactly one million dollars.

CHAPTER XI.—Miss Grant's Gratitude.

There were wild scenes on the floor of the Exchange that day. Mr. Smooth and his assistants, however, succeeded in allaying the panic when the stock got down to 75. At that figure they managed to unload the greater part of their shares, but they lost more than half a million in profits, owing to the heavy price they had been compelled to pay Eddie Nott for his 30,000 shares. This was a bitter reflection for them, and that afternoon the three of them gathered in Robinson's office and swore to leave no stone unturned to ruin the boy and drive him from the Street.

"How can we do it?" asked Robinson, with darkened brow.

"It must be our business to study up some plan to catch him off his guard," said Dudley Smooth.

"He must have made a mint of money on those 30,000 shares of Southern Texas. We had to give him almost the top figure for them, and the chances are he bought them as low as 60 or thereabouts," gritted Robinson. "I never heard of such luck as that little monkey is having. He's got the gift of Midas—everything he touches turns into gold."

"Never you mind, Robinson. Every man or boy alive has his weak point, whatever that is, and if you can discover that point he is at your mercy."

"Can't we furnish him with a fake tip somehow, and then scoop his little roll?" suggested Benson.

"Well, if you're smart enough to do that I'll give you my check for \$10,000," replied Robinson.

"I'll hold you to your word, Robinson," said Benson, "for I'm going to do my best to win your money."

"But it must be understood that the bet is off unless Nott makes use of the tip after he gets hold of it," said Robinson, hastily. "Otherwise it would do us no good."

"Of course," replied Benson, and soon afterward the three brokers separated.

While this three-cornered interview was progressing, Eddie was in his office reading a note he had received from Miss Grant of Cornwall. She was simply in ecstasies over her extraordinary winnings in Southern Texas, and said she could scarcely believe her wonderful luck.

"I am coming to the city in a day or two, and will call and see you, my best of friends," she concluded.

A few days later she walked into Eddie's office, dressed like a little queen, and looking altogether as pretty as a picture. Broker Nott was very glad to see her, and they spent a very pleasant half hour together in his private office.

"Don't you want some of your money?" Eddie asked her.

"How much is it you owe me?"

"How much? Why, \$34,000."

"I never thought I should be worth so much," she said, pursing up her pretty lips. "Do you think I had better risk it again in the market?"

"Well, Miss Grant, much as I should prefer to keep such a pretty young lady as yourself on my books, especially as you're my first customer, I frankly say that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"Then you advise me to get out of Wall Street?"

"You can leave the \$4,000 with me for reinvestment, if you wish to go on, but I certainly advise you to take the \$30,000 with you and invest it in real estate, or something more stable than a game of chance."

"Very well. I will act on your advice, Mr. Nott. You may give me your check for \$30,000."

"I can't give you a check, Miss Grant, as I am a minor as yet, and cannot carry a regular bank account, although I am actually worth a million at this moment."

"Is it possible you are worth all that money?" she cried in astonishment.

"It is a positive fact."

"I am awfully glad to hear it," she cried, with such earnestness that Eddie laughed.

"I will get you a check for \$30,000 from my regular brokers. Now, I want you to lunch with me at Delmonico's. Will you do so?"

"Certainly, if you wish me to."

They went to that noted restaurant, and Eddie ordered a substantial repast. The place was well filled with brokers at the time, and Miss Grant's beauty and modest manners attracted general attention. More than half of the brokers would have given a good deal to have made her acquaintance, but the opportunity was not permitted them. After the lunch Eddie got her the promised check, and she took her leave, saying she expected to remain with a friend in the city for a few days.

Next day Eddie received a package from the

fany's. He wondered who could have sent it, and what was in it. Both questions were answered when he opened the package. Miss Grant had sent it, and it contained a magnificent gold watch and chain, and a diamond-studded charm, the whole being easily worth \$1,000. The donor hoped Eddie would accept her present as a very slight token of her esteem for him, and her gratitude for what he had done for her in a business way. The boy was delighted with this expression of his original customer's good-will.

"I have something fine to show you, Carrie," he said to his sweetheart that afternoon, when she came into his office after working hours.

"I hope you won't be jealous when I tell you that I got that from a very pretty young lady—my first customer."

"Is she really pretty?" asked Carrie.

"Well, say, you just ask Bob. He thinks she's a perfect peach."

"It's a wonder, then, that you didn't pick her out for yourself instead of taking little plain me."

"Little plain you!" laughed Eddie, grabbing her in his arms and kissing her in spite of her pretended resistance. "I like that! I think you're the loveliest girl in all Wall Street."

"Do you really?" she asked, greatly pleased.

"Of course I do. Miss Grant is a stunner, all right; but she's isn't you, Carrie. You're my girl, and I wouldn't have any other for a farm."

"I'm glad you think so, Eddie. You make me feel very happy."

"That's the way I ought to make you feel, sweetheart. Isn't that right?"

"Yes. You deserve a little, wee kiss for saying that so prettily."

"All right. I'm a willing victim."

Accordingly she gave him two kisses for good measure, and then they left Wall Street together for the Brooklyn Bridge entrance.

CHAPTER XII.—Eddie Walks Into A Trap.

Several weeks passed away, and the general business of Wall Street began to improve, as the summer was now a thing of the past. One day, while Eddie was in his private office, his telephone rang out, and he put the receiver to his ear.

"Is that you, Mr. Fox?" asked a strange voice.

Before Eddie could say that he was not Mr. Fox the voice hurried on:

"That consolidation of the P. E. & N. road with the C. & N. W. which I was speaking to you about the other day is now an accomplished fact, and will shortly be made public. You will have three or four days in which to make the most of this tip before anyone outside of a select few can get a whack at it. It isn't necessary for me to advise you what to do, as a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. Good-by."

The man at the other end had cut himself off, and so Eddie had no way of telling him, even if he had wished to do so, that he had been letting a valuable secret out to the wrong party.

"So the P. E. & N. has been consolidated with the C. & N. W., said Eddie, noting down that fact on a pad. "I haven't heard the slightest rumor about any such thing. It must have been

kept mighty secret. Usually some hint of such a deal being in progress gets out even if it is denied by the interested parties. I must look this thing up. I may have got hold of a very valuable pointer."

Accordingly Eddie put on his hat and went out to see what he could find out about the deal in question. Necessarily he had to prosecute his inquiries in a very cautious manner, so as not to give the snap away if it really was a snap. He made application for information at the offices of both the Financial Chronicle and Poor's Railroad Manual, but at neither place had they heard the slightest hint upon the subject. Then he went around to Moody's railroad publishing house, but they were as much in the dark as the others. He then carried on his quest in other quarters, but nobody had heard anything about a possible change of management in the P. E. & N. road.

He investigated the condition of the road, and found it was something of a rival to the C. & N. W. Evidently it would be greatly to the advantage of the latter road if it could gobble up the P. E. & N., but as far as Eddie could ascertain there seemed to be no real reason why the P. E. & N. should sell out to the other line.

"If this is a real tip I've got hold of I'll feel like kicking myself around the block if I don't use it and it turns up trumps. I must consider it well before I turn it down."

Eddie had heretofore done so well with tips that almost without recognizing the fact his weak point was the exploitation of a tip. The very possession of a pointer set his blood to tingling and the speculative fever coursing through his veins at fever heat. But still something told him to be wary about monkeying with a pointer that came over the 'phone in such a strange manner.

Next morning, soon after he came downtown, a man entered his office, and asked to see him.

"What name shall I say?" asked Bob.

"Stewart."

So Bob knocked at the door of the private room, and announced that a Mr. Stewart wanted to see Mr. Nott on business.

"Ask him to walk in," said Eddie, and the visitor entered his sanctum.

"I call to see if you have any C. & N. W. stock," he said.

"No, sir. I haven't a share. I will get you some if you wish to leave an order with me for it."

"Could you get it right away?"

"Wait a moment, and I'll see."

He called Bob, and asked him to go into Smooth's office and see if that gentleman had any shares of C. & N. W. on hand, and how many. Bob returned with word that Mr. Smooth had 100 shares which he could have at the market rate of 95.

"How much do you want?" he asked his visitor. "I can get you 100 shares now."

"I want to get 10,000 shares if I can," replied Mr. Stewart. "However, 100 will answer for a certain purpose this afternoon."

"They will cost you \$9,500."

"Very well. I have the cash with me to pay for them."

Eddie sent Bob in to get the 100 shares, and handed them over to the man, who paid for them

and took his leave. The younger broker then called on Mr. Smooth and paid him cash for the shares. When he returned to his office he saw a card on the floor which he picked up. It had some writing on the back of it. Eddie found that it ran as follows:

"Dear Stewart: Buy every share of C. & N. W. you can afford. I have good reason to believe that it will go soaring in less than a week.—Yours, J. W."

"Mr. Stewart evidently dropped this out of his pocket. This seems to confirm my 'phone tip of C. & N. W. Funny how all the good things come my way. I guess I'd better go in on the stock, and add another half a million to my capital."

Just then Bob knocked at the door and said Mr. Smooth wanted to see him.

"Tell him to step in here," said Eddie.

Mr. Smooth, looking unusually genial for him, walked into the boy's sanctum and sat down beside his desk.

"I called to see if you wanted any more C. & N. W., Nott," he said.

"I thought you had only the 100 shares I got from you."

"That's all I did have; but I know where I can get quite a bunch of it."

"All right. I'll give you an order to buy me 10,000 shares on a ten-per-cent margin at 95. I'll go for the money at once, and meet you in your office in fifteen minutes."

"Ten thousand shares, did you say?" exclaimed Smooth, hardly able to conceal his satisfaction.

"That's what I said," replied Eddie, reaching for his hat.

As the boy started for the elevator Smooth walked as quickly as his old legs would carry him around to Robinson's office to carry the good news.

"What do you think, Robinson? Nott has bought 10,000 shares of C. & N. W. from me at 95 on margin. That will cost him \$95,000, and he's gone out now to get the cash. We've got him at last."

"He's actually bitten at the tip, then?"

"It seems so. I'll not buy the stock, of course, for as soon as we begin to make heavy short sales on the present weak market the price of C. & N. W. will tumble, and then I'll call for more margin. It is up to us to hammer the stock down as low as possible, compelling him to ante up right along or lose all he has put into the deal."

"That'll be great," said Robinson, rubbing his hands with glee. "I think it would be a good idea to force the price up a point or so at first so as to encourage him. We might get him to buy another 10,000 bunch, and then we'd have him doubly in our clutches."

"I agree with you, Robinson. I don't believe he's got more than \$250,000, or maybe \$300,000 altogether."

"Don't you fool yourself, Smooth," said Robinson. "He has got double that. He must have cleaned up half a million in the Southern Texas deal. You know how he soaked us on those 80,000 shares. If we can get back half what the syndicate lost I'll be satisfied, though I'd like to

break him up altogether and force him out of business."

"Well, you, I and Benson will figure this matter out later on this afternoon. I must get back to my office now so as to complete the deal."

When Eddie returned with \$95,000 in his pocket he found Mr. Smooth waiting for him, like a spider in his den for an unsuspecting fly. The boy paid over the money, and got his memorandum of the transaction. The first act of the drama had been successfully played by the conspirators, and Eddie was unaware that he was enacting the role of an innocent lamb.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Best-Laid Schemes Oft Go Astray.

Two days later C. & N. W. had advanced a point, and Eddie commenced to congratulate himself on his good luck.

"I've a great mind to buy another 10,000 shares, if I can get them. That will double my profits when the times comes to unload. Yes, I'll do that. I'll get the money when I go to lunch."

An hour later he sent Bob on an errand to the Empire Building. Bob was away an unusually long time, and when he returned he was much excited.

"What's the matter, Bob? Where have you been so long?" asked Eddie.

"I carried that note to the Empire Building. There was no answer to it."

"Well, it didn't take you nearly an hour to do that, did it?"

"No, of course not. On my way back I stopped in a Broad street cafe to get a drink of water, and while I was there Robinson and another broker named Benson came into the place and began talking about you."

"About me, eh?"

"Yes. I heard a good part of their conversation. I know Robinson has got his dagger in for you, and so I considered it my duty to find out if I could whether there was anything in the wind against your interests."

"What did you discover?" grinned Eddie.

"I found out that Robinson, Smooth and Benson are in a scheme to do you up if they can."

"Oh, they are? I thought they had had enough of that kind of business. Well, let me hear the particulars."

"Robinson and Benson seemed to be sure that they were going to succeed this time. Their scheme is to squeeze you on C. & N. W. stock."

"On what stock?" asked Eddie, staring at his office assistant.

"C. & N. W. Have you received a tip by phone about that road? Benson said he sent it to you. It is all a fake to get you to go in heavily on the stock. They expect you will load up with the shares, and then they intend to commence selling the stock short so as to force the price down and oblige you to put up more margin to save yourself. I understood Robinson to say that you had already bought 10,000 shares of Smooth yesterday afternoon, and they expect to get you to take as much more. Smooth doesn't intend to buy the stock to fill your order, as they hope

to manipulate the market so as to eventually wipe you out and divide up your margins between them."

This was startling news for Eddie. But forewarned is forearmed. He thanked Bob for the interest he had shown in his affairs, and then proceeded to consider how he should save the \$95,000 he had put up with Smooth the previous afternoon as margin on the 10,000 shares of C. & N. W.

"Now that I am on to the game I can get out with a whole skin and a little to the good by going right in to Smooth and ordering him to close out the deal at the one-point advance the stock has already made in the market. Or I can force him to go out and buy the shares for immediate delivery. I have the necessary \$855,000 to pay for them. That would treat him to an unpleasant surprise, for I don't think he has any idea I have so much ready money. Come to think of the matter, I don't see how they can force the price down unless they have or can get control of the stock, and that would take a lot of money. It is possible these rascals are working this game in connection with their inside knowledge of the purposes of some syndicate to depress temporarily the value of C. & N. W. I guess I am safe for a day or two at any rate. I'll make a few more inquiries about the road, and I'll state the case to Mr. Gibson, my broker, and ask his advice."

Eddie put on his hat and called on Mr. Gibson first. He was shown into the big broker's private office.

"Well, Nott, what can I do for you to-day?"

"I called for a little advice, Mr. Gibson, as I am again the subject of a conspiracy on the part of Smooth and Robinson."

"Those gentlemen seem determined to wipe you off the earth if they can," said the broker, with a smile.

Eddie laid the facts as he knew them before his broker. Mr. Gibson listened attentively once or twice as the boy told his story.

"So Mr. Smith sold you 10,000 shares of C. & N. W. at 95 two days ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is now quoted at 96, therefore you seem to be ahead of the game at this moment."

"Yes, sir; but I'm afraid that's part of the scheme."

"Hum! I suppose you know that if you presented yourself before Mr. Smooth to-day with \$855,000, and called for those shares he'd have to deliver them to you at 95 or take the consequences."

"Yes, sir. I rather think that would be a disagreeable surprise to him."

"Why, have you the means of raising as large a sum as that?" asked Mr. Gibson, apparently astonished at the boy's resources.

"Yes, sir. I had exactly \$1,000,000 in cash in my safe deposit box before I took out the \$95,000 to put up to secure those shares. I have a balance of \$905,000 in my box at this moment."

"Then you have the game in your own hands, my boy," said the broker, knowingly. "You can get right back at Mr. Smooth in a way that will make him a very sick man."

"You mean I can save myself by paying for the

shares outright and then disposing of them right away at the slight advance, and thus euchre the conspirators out of their anticipated plot."

"Listen, young man, and I will put you wise to a secret, but you must promise me on your word of honor that you will not breathe a whisper about it, nor use it yourself except to check-mate these rascals, for so they have proved themselves to be."

"I promise, sir," replied Eddie, wondering what was coming.

"I accept your word. Now, I will show you that these people have over-reached themselves trying to down you. They do not suspect the real situation. They are ignorant of the fact that two weeks ago a pool was formed to control C. & N. W. for the purpose of booming the price, and that the slight advance of one point since Tuesday is one of the inevitable results of the tightening of the stock. This syndicate has practically got hold of nearly all the shares that have been floating about the street. You couldn't go on the Exchange this morning and buy even 5,000 shares of C. & N. W. to save your life. Mr. Smooth sold you something he did not possess, under the impression that it would be an easy matter to depress the price, and buy the stock later at a lower price, or not at all if you failed to sustain your margins under the bear operations which he expected to put in play. Instead of conspiring toward your ruin as they intended, Mr. Smooth and his associates in villainy have actually played into your hands. They have sold you shares that they cannot possibly deliver unless they get them from the brokers of the pool, and you know what that will mean to them. The result will be that Mr. Smooth will have to make terms with you if he can. As C. & N. W. is almost certain to go as high as 125, or even more, in less than a week, I think you would be foolish to let your enemies out of their predicament for a cent less than \$300,000."

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

When Eddie returned to his office after an hour's absence there was a smile a yard wide on his features. Eddie went on into his private room, sat down at his desk, and wrote the following note:

"Mr. Smooth:

"Dear Sir: I shall call on you at three o'clock for the delivery of those 10,000 shares of C. & N. W. at 95. Please have them ready for me, as I shall bring the \$855,000 balance due with me to pay over to you.

"Very truly yours,

"Eddie Nott."

He placed the note in an envelope, sealed, and addressed it to Dudley Smooth. Then he called Bob.

"Take this note next door, Bob. Deliver it to Mr. Smooth if he is in. I am going out now, and will return before three o'clock."

When Mr. Smooth read the note he nearly fainted. He rushed in to Robinson's office and showed it to him. Robinson uttered an oath.

"We shall lose him, after all," he snarled. "It can't be possible that he is worth so much money. He has found a backer somehow who has advanced him the money he lacked to buy the shares outright at first. But what the deuce can be his object in taking over this stock instead of closing out the deal as he had a right to do, but which of course we did not for a moment suspect he would do on such a tip as we put in his way? I was looking for him to buy another 10,000 shares."

"I'm beginning to believe that he's altogether too smart to be trapped," said Smooth.

"Oh, we'll reach him some time if we keep on trying."

"I don't know about that. It seems to be expensive amusement," replied the old man, turning on his heel and leaving the office.

He got his hat and started for the Exchange to buy the 10,000 shares of C. & N. W. he had to deliver that afternoon at three. He was greatly surprised to find that the stock was so scarce that the most he was able to pick up was 8,000, and for a portion of this he had to give 98. He called up both Robinson and Benson on the telephone, and explained the situation to them.

"I am still shy 6,000 shares of the amount I stand pledged to deliver at three o'clock," he said to each. "You must get out and hustle for the stock, for that boy will be able to hold me down to hard terms if I can't make good my contract, and we are all in the same boat. Your share of the loss on this thing may put you out of business."

They each grabbed their hats and dashed out to hunt the stock. They had no better luck than that which had followed Mr. Smooth. At quarter to three Smooth returned a badly rattled man to his office. He had just 5,000 shares of C. & N. W. in his possession. At five minutes to three he got word from both Robinson and Benson that they had been unable to get a share at any price.

In the meantime Eddie had planned a dramatic surprise for his old enemy. He bought two small hand-bags, and having changed \$10,000 in bills into shining gold coin he put \$5,000 worth into each of the bags, and crammed packages of bills on top. Then, when he reached his office, he disposed the rest of his money conspicuously about his person, to Bob's immense delight, who was on to his plan.

"Did you manage to unlock that door between our offices?" asked Eddie.

"I did. All you have to do is to turn the handle and walk in. It wants only a minute of three, and I hear Smooth talking in his reception-room now. Better make your entrance before he returns into his private room."

"Well, fling the door open for me," replied Eddie.

Bob hastened to do as he was told, and then the young broker walked solemnly into the old man's reception-room. His appearance created an immediate sensation. Broker Eddie was a veritable walking mint.

"Here's the cash, Mr. Smooth," he said, coolly. "Now cough up that stock."

But Mr. Smooth could not produce the full ten thousand shares, only five thousand, and he had to admit his inability to keep his contract.

"Well," replied Eddie, "what are you going to do about it? I'm prepared to pay for the stock. I've got \$855,000 right here in hard money."

"I've been trying to get that stock ever since I got your note," began the old man in an humble manner for him. "But the most I could get was 5,000 shares."

"All right," replied Eddie, "there is nothing mean about me. I'll give you till three to-morrow to get the balance."

Smooth drew a breath of relief. Surely he would be able to get it by then. He found that he wasn't the only man trying to get the stock next day, and unsuccessfully at that, and to his abject misery the price of C. & N. W. rose steadily to 110. He returned to his office and sent for Eddie.

"I can't get the balance of this stock. I'll deliver half, and pay you the present market figure on the balance."

That would have meant a loss of about \$100,000 to the conspirators, but Eddie wouldn't have it. He finally agreed to settle for \$350,000, when C. & N. W. reached 125, and Smooth was only too glad to accept the boy's terms. As soon as the old man had paid him over that amount, a part of which he realized from the sale of the 5,000 shares in his possession, he called on Robinson and Benson to make good their share of the loss. Benson was just able to do so, but Robinson was cleaned out, and had to leave the Street, a financial wreck.

By this time Eddie was worth \$1,350,000, and had gathered about him quite a lot of customers. He moved to more commodious offices in another building, and Carrie Thornton became his stenographer. Bob Hawkins was raised to the post of margin clerk and all-around office hand, while Tommy Ropes shook Mr. Smooth and became his messenger. That was three years ago.

During the early days of June Eddie Nott and Carrie Thornton were married, and are at this moment on their wedding tour in France. Eddie can sign his check to-day for three million, and he is not twenty-two yet.

Next week's issue will contain "THE LADDER OF FAME; or, FROM OFFICE BOY TO SENATOR."

ALLIGATOR SENT BY MAIL

An alligator about a foot long climbed out of the broken lid of a cigar box in the Post Office at Lawrence, Kan., recently. The night had been cold and the future household pet did not become active until the room became warm in the morning.

The lid of the box was repaired and the Postmaster helped the alligator along to his destination. "It was in direct violation of the laws to send him," the Postmaster said. "However, when he got here there was nothing to do but deliver him or send him to the dead letter office."

CURRENT NEWS

CRATER AS STADIUM

Punchbowl, the largest extinct crater of the Island of Oahu, Hawaiian Islands, will become one of the greatest athletic stadiums in the world if the plans of prominent athletic officers of Hawaii are consummated.

PIGEONS REPORT DOG RACE

Carrier pigeons were used to transmit the news of the progress being made by the dog team in the world's championship 200-mile Derby that started from The Pas, Man. The pigeons were held at the fifty and 100-mile points on the course and were released one at a time with messages tied to a leg announcing the position of the racing teams as they passed the points where the birds were held.

OZARK COUNTY IN TOUCH WITH WORLD

After being isolated from the outside world for the last seven years, Gainesville, the county seat of Ozark County, Mo., has at last secured a telephone line, one being constructed from that place to West Plains, the county seat of Howell county.

So the residents of Ozark county can now talk to the rest of the world. Ozark county has not a mile of railroad, but is now also having its first bridge constructed over the north fork of the White River on the State highway.

RECLUSE DIES IN A SHACK

Michael Goff, a recluse, was found dead in his shack on the Jersey Meadows, near Harrison, N. J. He had lived alone on the meadows since 1872. His hut was on the Hackensack River bank. He made a living by fishing and for many years was a guide for hunters who sought small game on the meadows. In late years the advance of industry had driven away much of the wild life of the marshes.

Dr. A. A. Mulligan, deputy county physician, said he had expired five or six days ago. Papers found in the shack indicated that Goff had a brother, John, who lived at 220 East Thirty-eighth Street, New York, and a woman relative named Kate Dwyer, at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York.

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In addition to all this there are numerous short articles such as "A Bandit de Luxe," "Bomb Explodes in Auto," "The Cashier Didn't Know Her," "Attempts to Hold Up a Policeman," "How Crime Is Bred," "Theatre Thieves" and "Radio Catches a Fugitive."

Out Today On All Newsstands

Rob and the Reporters

— Or, —

Hustling for War News by Wireless

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER V.—(Continued).

"I think you will like him. He is just about your own age and set-up," answered the captain, and Rob was then shown to a comfortable stateroom by the steward.

At a quarter to ten a taxi came down the wharf, from which Mr. Torrence assisted Miss Edith Morley, a little black-eyed beauty of perhaps twenty-three or -four.

"My, but she's peach!" Captain Tucker said to Rob. "I confess I didn't relish the idea of carrying a lady passenger, but as I happen to be under obligations to Mr. Torrence, I could not refuse."

A moment later Rob was shaking hands with Miss Morley.

"I am leaving Edith in your charge, Randall," said Mr. Torrence. "Do the best you can for her, and you will have earned my everlasting gratitude."

"Now don't you and aunt go to worrying about me," laughed the girl. "I am perfectly able to take care of myself. Mr. Randall, you will find your task a sinecure. I have crossed the ocean a dozen times."

And now came the question: Where was young Douglas? At ten o'clock, the sailing hour, he had not appeared, but a few minutes later a second taxi came tearing down the pier.

"Here he is!" exclaimed Captain Tucker, as a tall, blond young man jumped out with a dress-suitcase in each hand.

Ten minutes later the Sterling Castle was steaming down the East River.

Rob found Walter Douglas an exceedingly pleasant fellow, while as for Miss Morley, he was attracted by her as he never before had been by any girl.

"She's a stunner," remarked Douglas that night as they were getting into bed. "Brightest girl I ever met. Have you known her long, Randall?"

Rob explained.

"She is running a big risk," said Douglas. "So you are connected with the Earth. I'm a newspaper man, too. The Boston Sun is sending me over to see what I can do, and, to be candid with you, I don't expect that either of us will be able to do very much."

"We shall have to be mighty secret about it whatever else we do," replied Rob. "How do you expect to get to the front?"

"I haven't the most remote idea. You know, war correspondents are not allowed by either the Germans or the allies."

"Yes, I know; but I'm hoping to get around that."

"How—if it's a fair question?"

"Through certain letters I have."

"I doubt if they can help you."

"We shall see," replied Rob, and there the conversation ended.

Day dawned clear and cool.

Rob found Edith ahead of him on deck, despite the fact that he was up by six, leaving Douglas sound asleep.

"So you are one of the early birds, Mr. Randall?" she said, pleasantly.

"Always," replied Rob, adding:

"But see here. I'm going to ask a favor of you. I am not used to being called mister. I've always been Rob to every one."

"And you want to be the same to me. Very well, it shall be so on one condition."

"Which is?"

"That you call me Edith; like yourself, everybody calls me by my first name."

This suited Rob. Already he had become perfectly fascinated with the girl. It was impossible to feel bashful in her presence.

As the days passed and their acquaintance ripened, Rob began to wonder if he was falling in love.

"There must be no nonsense of that sort," he told himself, and he resolved to be strictly on his guard, but just the same he could not but congratulate himself that Douglas, with whom he had now become very familiar, did not seem disposed to pay Edith special attention, and one night in the stateroom he remarked upon it.

"Oh, I'm leaving that for you, Rob," laughed Walter. "Wouldn't be a square deal for me to butt in."

"I don't mean that at all," replied Rob, reddening; "only that you seem to avoid her, and I know she feels it."

"I'll fix that," was the careless reply. "Of course I never intended to be rude."

Next day was Friday, and the voyage was well advanced. As yet they had not even seen the smoke of a steamer, but towards evening one was sighted in the distance, causing some excitement.

"What do you say, Rob?" exclaimed Edith. "Is she going to turn out a German cruiser?"

"It's to be hoped not," replied Rob. "I take notice the captain is studying her through his glass pretty closely."

"I've got a good glass below," said Walter. "I'll go down and get it so we can have a squint at her, too."

He got the glass, but it revealed nothing beyond the distant trail of smoke.

"What do you make of it?" Rob asked the captain a little later.

"Can't tell yet," was the reply. "I shall hold to my course for the present."

They were at supper when the second mate came into the cabin.

"It's a man-of-war, sir," he announced. "She is steaming towards us."

"Can you make out her colors?" demanded the captain, quickly.

"They are not displayed, sir," replied the mate.

"All right. I'll be up in a few minutes," said the captain, and he went on with his supper.

They all went on deck soon after.

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

GERMANS SNIP TONGUE TO CURE LISPING

German surgeons are now employing operative methods for the cure of lispings, snipping a section from the end of the tongue having been found effective in ending this defect of speech when it is due, as is often the case, to the tongue being too long to find its proper place behind the teeth when pronouncing the S and other sibilant letters.

DEATH CURSE PUT ON CATTLE

Every now and then a story of something other than mutinies and uprisings comes from that "most distressful country" of Ireland. The latest concerns the man who crossed the fairies.

In a recent prosecution before a local peace commissioner quite a lot of fairy lore came up because a certain farm building had been built on a "pass." It seems the little folk always travel in a direct line and resent any construction placed across their path. When they find themselves held up by a house or farm then woe betide the person living there.

Near the village of Maam Cross, some miles east of Clifden, a returned Irish-American not long ago bought a large farm, and as there was neither cowhouse nor stable began to erect these things, despite warnings of neighbors. When the buildings were roofed and cattle installed therein the animals refused to eat, pined away and died. Not until three-fourths of his stock was killed (struck by "elf stones," said the peasantry), was he convinced and he removed the buildings to another place. After that his luck changed and he lost no more cattle.

THE "WHALE SHARK"

Last June the reading public was greatly interested over the taking of a large whale shark by Claude Nolan at Marathon, down in the Florida Keys. As soon as Mr. Nolan discovered that he had a prize fish he communicated with the American Museum of Natural History and donated the specimen to that institution. From measurements taken the preparators of the museum have just completed a model of this shark one-sixth natural size and have placed the same on temporary exhibition in the foyer hall, where it is arousing much attention.

The whale shark is the largest living fish and is a true shark, not at all related to the whale, which is a mammal, but it approaches the whale in size. The specimen which Mr. Nolan secured and which served as a model was thirty-two feet in length. Specimens have been found which measured up to forty-five feet, and it has been stated that whalers at the Seychelles Island in the Indian Ocean, where this creature is mostly found, have estimated individual sharks up to seventy feet.

These sharks are very beautifully marked across the sides with narrow vertical white lines, between each two of which is to be found a series of large white spots. This marking is present however large the shark may be, whereas various other sharks, although spotted when young, tend to become uniformly grayish in color as they grow in size. The arrangement of lines and spots on the model was checked by use of the motion picture camera. The present model has been prepared to serve as a basis for a life-sized one that it is hoped may be prepared later and which will be the first satisfactory representation of this fish that it ever has been possible to make.

Very little is known concerning the habits of the whale shark, but judging from its enormous mouth and its almost microscopic teeth, it doubtless feeds in the same manner as the whalebone whales, sifting small creatures such as crustacea and jelly fishes, perhaps also small fishes from the sea water by means of a meshwork of gill rakers. This creature, a true shark, and the largest of its kind, might be presumed to be the most dangerous, but as a matter of fact is absolutely harmless. Observers in the Seychelles say that it will swim up alongside the catamaran, or canoe, of the fishermen and rub itself against this in a friendly manner in an endeavor to rid itself of barnacles. This is its nearest approach to a hostile action toward man.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

A detector and two-stage audio amplifier are necessary to produce sufficient volume to use a phonograph as a loud-speaker.

The MilliHenry is a unit used to measure inductance. Equal to one-thousandth or a Henry.

It is not necessary to disconnect the "B" battery from the circuit when the set is not in use. As long as the filament is cold and no electrons are emitted, the space between the plate and filament is an insulator and no current can flow in the plate circuit. Under such conditions the "B" battery can be left in the circuit without discharging.

HELPFUL IN A SET

In making a set, purchase a number of fixed condensers of various capacities and try them at different points in the circuit, such as across the audio frequency transformers and the phones.

The number of plates in a variable condenser depends on the use it is intended for. A condenser of forty-three plates, or one rated at .001 mfd capacity will give a considerable range of wave lengths. It is best not to use a condenser of large capacity across the secondary of a loose coupler when a crystal detector is used. More than .0005 mfd capacity is not advised for this purpose.

Long-Distance Reception with Crystal Detector is reported by Frank Heinfling, radio officer of the steamship "California." With a galena crystal detector, Mr. Heinfling intercepted the NAA station at distances of from 3500 to 4100 miles. Confirmation of these results has been had from the Bureau of Navigation. With a Telefunken type E-266 single-bulb set, Mr. Heinfling copied the German station POZ at a distance of 5500 miles and also received music broadcasted from WOC of Davenport, Ia., in the Pacific some 2500 miles away. This receiver set makes use of an arrangement which does away with the filament and "B" batteries.

A GAS TUBE

The C300 detector is a gas content tube of extreme sensitivity and mounted on a standard base. Its design characteristics permit critical adjustment of plate voltage and filament voltage. When these factors are carefully adjusted the tube is the most sensitive detector made. For accurate filament control a rheostat having a low maximum resistance between two and four ohms should be used. This permits fine adjustment of filament terminal voltage at the critical value, which is generally just below five volts. Due to its gas contents this tube generally functions best when an adjustable B battery of twenty-two volts is supplied. Initial B battery and upkeep costs are, therefore, lower than with tubes requiring larger voltages.

Run-Down "B" Batteries are often the cause of unsatisfactory results with a receiving set. The best manner to test out "B" batteries is by means of a voltmeter with a reading of 25 volts for testing out 22½-volt units, and reading up to 50 volts for testing out 45-volt units. Electrical instrument manufacturers have not been slow to realize the need of inexpensive voltmeters for this purpose, with the result that such meters may now be purchased for as little as \$2.50. One manufacturer has developed a special meter which may be placed in the usual peep-hole of the radio panel, and which serves to give the "B" battery voltage or the current consumption of the filaments.

When a detector is made to act as a local oscillator and at the same time as a detector the process is known as "auto-heterodyne" or "self-heterodyne." Regenerative circuits act as auto-heterodynes. That is what takes place when the set is tuned to receive music and a loud squeal is heard along with the signals. In such a case the tube is oscillating at one frequency, while the frequency of the carrier wave of the sending station is at a slightly different frequency. The difference between the two frequencies is the howl. To stop the howl the tube must be stopped oscillating, or it must be made to oscillate at the same frequency as the incoming impulses.

FARMERS RADIO ORGANIZATION

Farmers in the rural districts of the country are organizing for the purpose of making the marvels of radio available to all in the community who have telephones, but no radio. These clubs are known as "Farmrads" and are assembled with a farmer owning a good radio set as a nucleus. When the nearest agricultural station announces the beginning of market and weather reports the receiving set is connected to the telephone transmitter, receivers are taken down by all who live on the line or who can persuade "operator" to connect them in, and from two to ten families listen to the up to the minute report of cattle and wheat sales and the weather for the morrow.

A good example of the serious light in which these farm clubs are regarded is the fact that many of the country farm agents have installed sets in their offices for both service and radio instruction. Among these are the agents at Linn county, Missouri; Fremont county, Iowa; Wilson county, Kansas, and Cedar county, Iowa.

THE LOUD-SPEAKER HORN

The popular conception of the function of a horn on either a loud-speaker or a phonograph is erroneous. We hear that a horn "resonates" or it "concentrates the sound," or it "amplifies," and many other explanations, all of which are vague and most of them incorrect. It is true that a

horn resonates at certain frequencies, and for that reason increases the amount of radiation at those frequencies. Any form of resonance, however, is undesirable because it is impossible to increase the amount or radiated energy uniformly at all frequencies within a wide range by this method. If a horn is not to distort, its walls should be non-vibrating and its air column resonances, within the range of frequencies used, should be slight. If we think of the term, "amplification" as meaning the increasing of any form of response by supplying energy from another source, we see at once that a horn can not amplify because it can not supply energy, we learn from C. R. Hanna of the Westinghouse Research Laboratory. It should be evident, therefore, that a horn merely loads the diaphragm in such a way as to cause more sound energy to be radiated into the surrounding space from the diaphragm. The term "radiator" more accurately describes the action of a horn. A good horn therefore, is one which causes the diaphragm to radiate almost uniformly at all frequencies within the desired limits. This condition is more easily attained in a phonograph than in a loud-speaker. In the phonograph the diaphragm is forced to follow the vibrations of the record except for the slight spring of the needle, while in the loud-speaker the diaphragm is not impelled to follow the variations of current in the windings because there is no rigid connection between the two. In the phonograph it is necessary only that the horn shall radiate uniformly at different frequencies for a given root mean square velocity of the diaphragm. In the loud-speaker the horn must fulfill this condition, and also help to cause the diaphragm to vibrate at a nearly uniform velocity when the same current at different frequencies is passed through the windings.

WHEN YOUR SET IS WRONG

One of the most useful pieces of apparatus in the radio fan's equipment is a testing device for use in determining the condition of various pieces of radio apparatus.

This test apparatus consists of a voltmeter connected in series with a B battery.

One terminal of the voltmeter is connected with the negative terminal of the battery.

A wire is then connected with the other terminal of the voltmeter and another wire is connected with the positive terminal of the battery thus providing two test points by means of which coils, condensers and different parts of a circuit can be tested, to determine whether short or open circuits are present.

In most of the voltmeters no reading is obtained if the voltmeter is not connected properly. After connecting the voltmeter, touch the two test points together and notice whether or not you get a reading on the voltmeter scale. If you do, the test circuit is ready for use. If you do not get a reading, you will have to reverse the connections to the voltmeter, connecting the negative terminal of the battery with the B terminal of the voltmeter instead of with the A terminal. In that case the test point will be connected with the A terminal of the voltmeter.

By touching or connecting one test point with one terminal of a coil and the other test point with the other terminal of the coil, any coil, as for instance the stator or rotor coil of a variocoupler, of a variometer of the primary and secondary windings of a transformer can be tested for open or broken circuits. If, when the two test points are connected with the terminals of the coil, a steady reading is obtained the coil is all right. If, however, no reading is obtained such a condition proves that there is an open circuit between the two terminals.

In testing a condenser no reading should be obtained when the test points are connected with the terminals of the condenser and the rotary plates are moved in and out of the stationary plates. A reading indicates that the plates are short-circuited and a fluctuating needle as the movable plates are moved indicates that particles of dust or other conducting material lodged between the plates are short-circuiting the plates at certain points.

In testing across the terminals of a transformer winding a high voltage battery is necessary. A 22½ volt one will do. This is necessary because the resistance of the winding will cut down the reading appreciably. In testing such a winding the reading when using a 22 volt battery will only be several volts. This is as it should be. The important point is that you get a reading and that the reading remains steady.

The use of the voltmeter in determining the condition of a battery need hardly be mentioned. When the reading obtained by connecting a voltmeter across a 22 volt B battery reads less than 15 volts, the battery should be discarded.

The judicious use of a voltmeter will often save the experimenter many dollars which would otherwise be spent in buying new tubes. No matter how carefully you have wired a set and no matter how carefully you have been in connecting the batteries, mistakes are often apt to happen. After your batteries have been connected, test across the F terminals of one of the sockets with a voltmeter before putting in your tubes. All that is necessary is to turn on all the rheostats and touch one terminal of the voltmeter to one F terminal and the other terminal of the voltmeter to the other F terminal. If no reading is obtained, reverse the voltmeter connections. If the reading is that of the A battery all is well and you can safely put your tubes in their sockets. If a higher reading is obtained, don't put in your tubes for they will surely be burned out. A higher reading means that you have made an error and have connected B battery voltages across your filament terminals.

The voltmeter can be used as a polarity indicator by making use of the property of most of the small meters of not giving a reading unless a certain terminal is connected with the positive of the battery. This can easily be determined by testing across a B battery and finding out which terminal is the one which must be connected with the positive side to give a reading. When testing other batteries the terminal of the voltmeter is connected is the positive terminal of the battery. This feature is especially useful in determining the polarity of some batteries whose terminals are not marked.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

NEW DEPOSIT OF SOAPSTONE IN AUSTRIA

It is reported that an enormous deposit of soapstone has been discovered in Zwettl, not far from the Bohemian frontier. The soapstone, which is stated to require very little preparation, can not only be cut, sawn, drilled and polished, but will absorb many colors, a property that should lead to its extensive use in powder form in the color industry. The deposit is the most important of its kind yet discovered in Central Europe.

BURNS TO DEATH AS HE TEARS AT BARS

Trapped in his store by a fire which cut off every exit, John E. Mettler of Plainfield, N. J., burned to death there while firemen with axes tried to break in the iron barred window which held him prisoner.

Mettler slept in the rear of his store. There was no back door. The fire enveloped the front of the building and Mettler ran to the window and tried to tear away the iron bars with his hands. The bars were embedded in cement. He died while firemen were chopping a hole through the building.

QUEENSLAND'S "STINGING TREE"

Among the curious plants of Queensland is the "stinging tree," a luxurious shrub, pleasing to the eye, but dangerous to the touch, says the *Detroit News*. It grows from two or three inches to ten or fifteen feet in height and emits a disagreeable odor. Speaking of its effects, a naturalist says:

"One often forgets the danger of the tree until warned by its smell. Its effects are curious. It leaves no mark, but the pain is maddening, and for months afterward the affected part is tender when touched in rainy weather or when it gets wet in washing.

"I have seen men who treated ordinary pain lightly roll on the ground in agony after being stung, and I have known a horse so completely mad after getting into a grove of the trees that he rushed open mouthed at every one who approached him, and had to be shot."

MAGNETIC POLE DISCOVERED BY CAPT. JOHN ROSS

The magnetic pole, as distinguished from the geographical pole, is the point where the needle stands vertically, showing the center of terrestrial magnetism for the Northern Hemisphere. This point was discovered June 1, 1831, by Capt. John Ross, says the *Kansas City Times*.

The amount of the dip of the needle was 89 degrees 59 minutes, being thus within one minute of the pole. Its actual existence where he stood was further confirmed by the actions of several horizontal needles. Not one of them showed the slightest effort to move from the position in which it was placed.

The magnetic pole is almost directly north of the city of Winnipeg, and within less than 20 degrees of that city. To be exact, the location of the north magnetic pole is 70 degrees 5 minutes and 17 seconds latitude, and 96 degrees 46 minutes and 45 seconds longitude.

LAUGHS

Scene (a boarding house)—Wife—Why do you always sit at the piano, David? You know you can't play a note. David—Neither can anyone else, while I am here.

Mrs. Goodkind—So you are an engineer, and can't get a job in this town. Well, why don't you go to some other place? Tatteredon Torne—I can't, madam; you see, I'm a stationary engineer.

Manager—Did the "star" arouse the audience. Agent—I never saw the equal! Manager—What did they do? Agent—Rose in their seats as one man and threw the movable furniture at him.

The Owner—Why are you arresting us? The Country Constable—Waal, I need th' money. I'm trying ter git enough from fees ter buy an automobile myself.

The customer: "Do you think you can make a really good photograph of me? The artist: "Well, sir, I'm afraid I must answer you in the negative."

Aunt Maria—The paper says this is the mildest winter in thirty years. Uncle Jed—I don't wonder. They've got a new stove in the editor's office, an' all the subscriptions lately has been paid in cordwood.

In the Country—Is there a letter for me? Postmistress—Well—er—yes, there was one from your mother in Mudtown, but I've mislaid it. But it's all right, anyhow. She says they are all quite well.

Tess—Yes; Mr. Sloman asked me for a kiss. He said I could surely see how much he loved me and that I ought to do it. Jess—And what did you say? Tess—I said I couldn't see it in that light, and the silly fellow didn't have sense enough to turn the light down.

BRIEF BUT POINTED

HIS LIFE SAVED BY RING

The life of Gerald Brown, ten years old, of Tecumseh, Neb., was saved by a gold ring in his breast pocket when a cartridge exploded. The lad was trying to insert a cartridge in the cylinder of .22-calibre revolver.

The cartridge stuck and the boy, failing to press it in with his fingers, placed the muzzle of the barrel of the weapon close to his left breast as he tried to drive the cartridge in with a hammer. It exploded with the weapon directly over the heart.

The bullet struck a gold ring in the child's pocket, ricocheted and struck a rib, following the rib around his side and came out under the arm, dropping to the floor. The boy was taken to a hospital, his wound dressed. He will soon be out.

FEW WOLVES IN ONTARIO

Anthony Swartz of Commanda, Ont., and Thomas Gillies of Montreal, two well-known trappers, returned to Sault Ste Marie from their camps at the headwaters of the Goulais River, where they have been trapping the greater part of the winter.

"There were no wolves up in our country to speak of," declared Gillies, whose camp is situated about thirty-five miles north of the A. C. R. track at Mile 60. "I saw two wolves up there this winter and that's all, and I didn't even carry a rifle when I visited my trap lines."

During his complete hike over thirty-five miles of territory from his camps to the track with Swartz he said he came across only two wolf tracks in the fresh snow, which would seem to disprove the report that there are wolves in the portion of the Mississauga Reserve near the headwaters of the Abinadong and Goulais rivers.

RELICS OF 5,000 B. C. DISCOVERED AT KISH

A letter to the London Times, written from Mesopotamia, gives an account of the results to date of this season's excavations at Kish. Among an amount of pearl and limestone inlaid work discovered in a mound constructed entirely of plano-convex bricks, characteristic of the oldest Sumarian architecture, was a rectangular tablet of slate which shows a King of Kish smiting his Sumarian enemies. Their closely shaven heads, cheeks and upper lips, but long beards, indicate a date earlier than Ur-Lagash 3,100 B. C. Taken with other pearl heads found here, this disposes of the theory that the Semites occupied Kish in the prehistoric period. The discovery north of Inghara of two large Sumarian buildings in a state of complete preservation has made possible the preparation of the only known plan of a large Sumarian palace. Below the plano-convex brick pavement, which cannot be later than 3,100 B. C., was an accumulated deposit of fifteen feet, representing at least 1500 to 2,000 years previous occupa-

tion, and therefore going back to about 5,000 B. C. A complete sequence of pottery from the earliest Sumarian period down to Nebuchadnezzar has been established, and a series of fine copper implements has been found. The general result of the excavations brings into prominence the enormous extent of the ruins, which, if grouped contiguously, would cover 120 acres, the very great antiquity of the site, and the priority of the Sumarians.

GOT SALT BY INGENIOUS DEVICE

While we all realize the importance of salt to season and preserve food, it is seldom we stop to think of the labor entailed in the preparation of the fine white crystals that come to us in small bags and boxes, writes Marguerite Norris Davis in *St. Nicholas*. The modern methods of procuring and refining salt make an interesting story in themselves; but it is of the unique plan used by those famous explorers, Lewis and Clark, that I am going to tell you now.

The dreary winter of 1805-1806 was spent by these men and their party on the coast of the Pacific Ocean, where their trail had ended and where they waited for spring to open up the woods and calm the turbulent waters, so that they might return to civilization. During this time their supply of salt had become so low that it was necessary for them to replenish their store immediately, and with the resourcefulness that marked their entire journey to and from the coast, they proceeded to distill salt from the ocean!

A huge mound of stones was gathered and, by using the clay from the bed of the Necanicum River, which flowed beside the place they had selected for this particular work, they were able to cement these stones together into a three-sided "stove." As nearly as can be gathered from descriptions of the early pioneers, who saw it in its original form, this object was about 2½ by 9 feet on its sides, 5 feet in length and a little over 2 feet high, its top forming a flat surface on which to set kettles of ocean water.

The daughter of one of the Indian chiefs, at that time a girl about 12 years old, afterward married Solomon Smith, a pioneer, and to her children we are indebted for the information as to just how the distilling was done, for Mrs. Smith remembered in detail the strange sight she had seen.

An Indian canoe was put into the ocean, close to shore, and weighted so that it would fill with water. Then, after being carried to the stone stove this water was allowed to stand until the sand settled to the bottom of the canoe. The clear water was then transferred to kettles, put on the stove, in which a roaring fire of driftwood had been built, and boiled. Thus, very slowly—it is hard for us to imagine the length of time it did take—the salt was distilled from the ocean water. Records show that in this laborious manner fifteen gallons of salt were obtained.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

THICKEST COAL VEIN

The Bureau of Mines says that the thickest coal seam in the world, as far as known, is the Fortuna mine, near Cologne, which is 330 feet thick. The thickest seam of coal in the United States of high grade is the Mammoth Seam near Wilkes-Barre, Pa. This seam is 50 feet thick, some folds running as high as 60 to 80 feet.

13-INCH GOOSE EGG

L. J. Wood of Oyster Point, Va., claims the champion goose of the world, it having laid an egg $13\frac{3}{4}$ inches in circumference the long way and $9\frac{1}{2}$ around the short way. Mr. Wood intends to try to have the egg hatched, hoping that he will get the largest goose in the world therefrom.

COLLIE TRAVELS 2,364 MILES

The record for the long-distance travel by a dog to reach his home and master is held, so far as known, by a collie who returned to his home in Silverton, Ore., on Feb. 15. After an absence of six months when he was lost from his master's car "somewhere in Iowa" this dog with the instinct and sense of direction that passes understanding walked into his owner's restaurant, weary, thin and footsore, and barked a joyful greeting.

G. F. Brazier, restaurant proprietor in Silverton, rejoices in the return of his dog. It was in eastern Iowa that the collie disappeared. All search and extensive advertising were unavailing and Mr. Brazier proceeded farther east to Wolcott, Ind. Some time after he had started back for Oregon the dog was seen in Wolcott, which showed that he was on his master's trail. From Wolcott to Silverton is 2,364 miles. The collie made it. In the long journey, embracing summer sun and severe winter weather, the indomitable dog crossed seven different States, traveled through the prairies of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska, climbed the Rockies through Wyoming, and made his way over the Idaho desert into Oregon. His unerring instinct had guided him to his beloved master.—Our Dumb Animals.

HAWKS IN MIGRATION

About this time each year occurs the annual migration of the hawk family. At Whitefish Point, extending far out into the southeastern extremities of Lake Superior, the flight of these rapacious birds is a sight to warm the blood of the most ardent ornithologist.

Sailing in from all directions, red-tailed, rough-legged, broad-winged, Coopers, sharp-shinned and goshawks make this their common ground to begin their long flight across the turbulent waters of Superior to reach their nesting grounds in Ontario and Quebec.

Ever restless, these pirates of the air venture a few miles off shore, much like an airplane test-

ing adverse winds, apparently waiting conditions favorable to their extended flight. For days this practice may continue until without warning or cry the migrants return no more to the Michigan mainland but take wing to their summer habitat.

Whitefish Point is the rendezvous of Curren Hawkins, a State warden hunter. During the flight of hawks in April and May of last year Hawkins killed 836 of these birds. A great number were red-tailed. This species should not have been taken, for as scavengers and destroyers of small vermin the red-tail is of great economic value. The other species, classed as predatory, undoubtedly destroy much of our small game life and control measures in the form of a 12-gauge shotgun no doubt help in the conservation of our game and useful birds, at times.

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WOULD MAKE ALL INDIANS CITIZENS

Approximately 125,000 American Indians would be granted citizenship under a bill introduced by Representative Homer P. Snyder of New York and favorably reported by the House Committee on Indian Affairs. It authorizes the Secretary of the Interior at his discretion to issue a certificate of citizenship to any non-citizen Indian born within the territorial limits of the United States who may apply for it. Upon the issuance of the citizenship, the bill states, "he or she shall be a citizen of the United States." A proviso stipulates that the citizenship shall not impair or otherwise affect the right of the Indian to tribal and other property.

Two-thirds of the Indian population enjoy American citizenship. The bill would throw down the bars that have prevented many Indians from becoming citizens. In explaining why 125,000 Indians are not citizens, Commissioner Burke said to-day that under the laws they cannot achieve citizenship unless they leave their reservations, separate themselves from their tribes and take upon themselves the habits and mode of living of white people.

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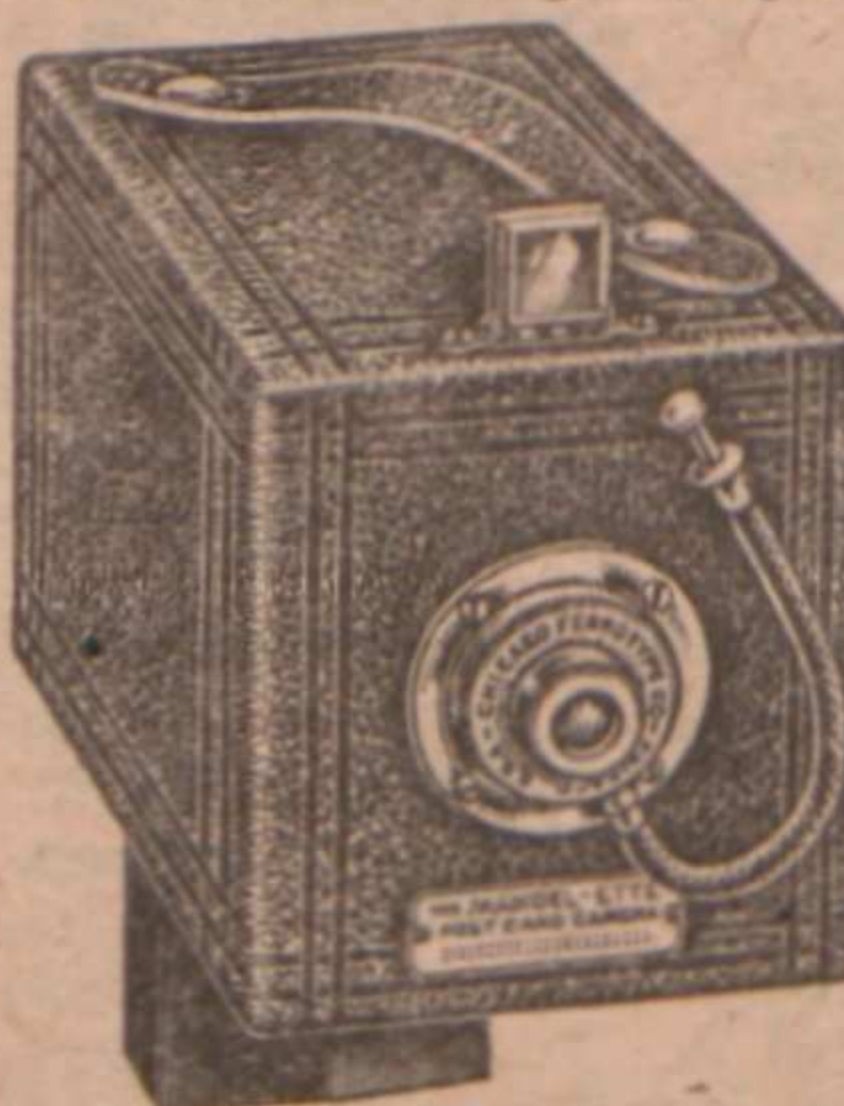
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According to Darwin's theory, the moon was once a part of the earth, and was torn off during a time of high solar tides, which increased the sun's attraction power enormously. Venus and the earth are nearly alike in size, but Venus is much nearer the sun, and if a similar disruption took place the displaced part would be larger than our moon and be torn off with more force—so much so that it would escape from its mother planet's attraction entirely and fall into an independent orbit of its own around the sun.

The fact that Mercury has a long rotation period, according to some scientists, tends to support this theory. Another thing which lends its support to the idea is the fact that the whiteness of Mercury and that of the moon are nearly like in degree—to put it in scientific language, are practically similar.



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